



# messing about in **BOATS**

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Cedar Key 2005" - "Hazel Cruises the Everglades"  
"Building the CLC Skerry" - "A Proper Shop"

Volume 23 - Number 5

July 15, 2005



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Earlier this year I commented in a couple of issues about the egregious excesses (my opinion, not necessarily fact) of the megayacht world. Not long afterwards a copy of *Boat International USA* arrived unsolicited. Befitting its focus on the megayachts and those who desire/can afford them, it is a super glossy heavyweight, and upon investigation I was not surprised to find it is published in Great Britain. I get a couple of other British magazines (Pete Greenfield's *Watercraft* and *The Classic Motorcycle*) so I am familiar with the really high quality of some British magazines. Examination revealed this publication to be overwhelmingly advertising and product promotion, editorial content was slim and scattered.

I will not go back over the subject of megayachts again, but a couple of things in this magazine, which is published six times a year and costs only \$14.95 for a subscription, did catch my attention.

The only article I could find that was not promoting a boat or related products and services was coverage of the Ocean Reef Vintage Weekend held at the apparently exclusive Ocean Reef Club on Key Largo, Florida. It was of special interest to me as it combined vintage boats, cars, and planes. The yachts were all way beyond my purview, built by Trumpy, Feadship, Rybovitch, Huckins, Burger, and Lyman (maybe the only one that might have once been within my reach). The cars likewise, four Duesenburgs, Jack Dempsey's Chrysler convertible, FDR's Ford phaeton convertible, and so on. When I got to the planes though, here was one I had actually flown, a 1946 Piper J3 Cub. In 1948, when I had gone to work to pay for my college education and had a few extra dollars, I took flying lessons at the nearby airfield in a J3 Cub, \$4/hour to rent the plane, \$3.50/hour for the instructor. I never could have bought the plane, simple and entry level as it was.

I am at that age where the term "vintage" applies to something I once owned or used in my younger years (50 years ago or so). But I can only look. My turn with vintage cars was during the eight years (1985-92) I edited and published *Woodie Times*, a 20-page monthly newsmagazine for the National Woodie Club to subsidize my strug-

gling *Messing About in Boats*. During that era I actually acquired 1948 Ford and 1950 Mercury woodies but never was able to get into their restoration, I had some time but not nearly enough money. I have been able to acquire a couple of vintage motorcycles from my past, but not early British models I once rode and raced, they are too costly today.

There are no vintage boats in my background. My Dad's 19' Century inboard was a '60s model, but at that time I was totally engrossed in motorcycling and uninterested in boats. A couple of times a summer we'd take the kids for an outing on New Hampshire's Squam Lake with Dad. I developed no fondness for the Century. So here I am looking at this megayacht magazine and finding a small plane from my youth the only thing of real interest to me.

The other item that caught my eye was an ad buried amongst the hundred or more pages of glossy ads for floating megahomes. It was an ad for a daysailer! Yep, a daysailer. But wait, an adjustment in scale had to be made. "*Tom Tit S*, 56'(17m) German Frers Daysailing Sloop, the most technically advanced performance, push button, single handed sailing yacht in the world. No need for crew. Performance rivals any of the maxis...but sailing her yourself!"

The "sailor" is pictured seated behind a wheel along the starboard side about three quarters of the way back to the stern, his right arm resting on the sidedeck as if he were driving a convertible. Behind him an empty cockpit (actually pictured as a black hole), ahead of him a long sleek uncluttered deck over which obviously hi tech mylar (or something similar) sails are perfectly trimmed.

This put into perspective my loss of interest in the Maine Boatbuilders' Show a couple of years back when the influx of Hinckley wannabees with their versions of "picnic boats" and \$500,000 price tags moved into the show. I now realize that, despite their conspicuous consumption aura, they were really just small change in today's megayacht world. I do not recall any references to "push button" sailing, so I guess the Maine builders have a way to go yet to get with it after all.

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## On the Cover...

Biggest turnout ever at Cedar Key's 21st year, including a host of Sea Pearls, full coverage in this issue.



As an operator of a small sailboat, my biggest bugbear is the yahoo out joy riding in the biggest, fastest water Caddy. While many are courteous to a fault, a large portion of the Sunday drivers out on the Sound are totally oblivious to the boats around them. They haven't taken the Power Squadron's excellent Boater's Safety course and they won't listen to Uncle Harry or a neighbor with some experience.

People who relish getting out and feeling the wind on their faces are so wrapped up in their personal freedom that they roar through a set of lobster buoys and then curse the lines tangled around their props. They smile and wave as they wallow over to check out the "cute little sailboat," digging a trough deep enough to bury your average cabin cruiser. Having had a look, they push the throttles full ahead and complete the swamping of the "cute little sailboat." On the bridge of the power boat the new Captain is shaking his head and saying, "Look at that flimsy boat, it's cute, but heck, you couldn't get me out in that, why'd you want to sail something that gets you so wet?"

If I were Queen for a Day I'd make it mandatory for people to be certified to operate any vessel with more than a 4hp motor or over 20', sail or power. I'm NOT an advocate for more rules/laws, but in this instance we need a bit of leverage. If people know they can lose their boating privileges if they don't operate within the rules, the work of the two Charlies and their counterparts up and down the coast would be a lot easier.

Ipswich has 27 miles of coastline. Patrolling that is a daunting task and the big boat is on duty with varying hours seven days a week during the main season, mid-May to mid-October. Assisting Charlie and his deputy is the jet ski, which allows extra maneuverability and rapid response. When you see the patrol boat suddenly come about and head out toward Annisquam with its lights flashing, it is not a run to the waterfront coffee shop, Charlie has gotten a call for help from one of up to one thousand boats enjoying the day on the backside of Crane's Beach.

We are blessed with a unique seashore landscape and many come out to enjoy the solitude (with 999 others?) the wild backside of the beach offers. With a concentration that large there is always someone getting in trouble. The town has 700 permanent moorings, at least half of them are held by people living out of town. Add to that mix another 300 launch permits from the town dock, and as many from neighboring towns, and you have a crowd by anyone's measure. Casual users may anchor without a permit anywhere out of the marked channels, and many do. Due to the shifting sand and granite reefs that are exposed at lower water levels, you want a updated chart before contemplating dropping your hook and going to sleep. Even with all this shoreline, people need to be aware that owning waterfront property does NOT carry a guarantee of mooring rights.

The most challenging day of the year for Charlie II is the Fourth of July when he is out on the big boat patrolling and directing traffic. Boats from all over the North Shore arrive to drop anchor out in front of Steep Hill Beach to watch one of the best displays of fireworks around. On an average day Charlie II is out nine to five, weekends a bit more, and he eats his sandwich on board. For the Fourth he is on the go from nine to past



## Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

### Two Charlies - 2

midnight, so it's lunch and dinner aboard and no stopping all day.

By June Charlie's face is already tanned, but even with sunscreen and a hat, after the Fourth he resembles a well done lobster. It's hard to figure which are laugh or squint lines on his open, happy face. Charlie Schwartz LOVES his job and loves being on the water.

So you want to come play in the Two Charlies' big pool? You'll need to apply for a mooring permit and be patient because there's a waiting list. You'll need a boat registration sticker and name plainly visible on your mooring ball. There is a \$100 fine for not complying, boats CAN be towed if not registered with the Harbor Master's office. If you sell your boat you can keep the mooring for a year while you find the next vessel. The water belongs to everyone and only by thoughtful regulation and the dedication of these men and their team can we all enjoy it equally.

A point of interest, when asking about No Wake Zones in the Sound, I was told that technically it is anywhere within 150' of the shoreline, an anchored vessel, or where No Wake signs are posted. There is often a problem when you travel up into the many back channels and salt creeks. Jet skis and smaller powerful outboards tend to speed and cause damage, such as degrading the salt marsh edges. So in case you didn't know, now you do.

I love to watch the seals hauled out on the rocks by the day beacon spindle out in the middle of the Sound's southern end. Charlie II had some advice for boaters wanting a closer look. Don't go too close, it's a Federal offense to harass them. They are appealing to watch but can be aggressive if approached too closely and feeling threatened. They are there to rest. Don't even consider patting one if you find it on the beach, their teeth and jaws are powerful enough to crush oysters and shred bluefish for lunch.

At the end of my interview with the Chief I asked what they'd like messers and the boating public as a whole to keep in mind this season. Foremost is "Pay attention to what's around you and watch your wake." "Make sure your boat is mechanically sound, be sure you have enough gas to get out and return." "Watch the sky!" "Don't drink and drive the boat, be aware that the effects of

alcohol on your passengers are increased in the sun." "Know where you are."

Don't learn that Bass Rocks lies 50 yards to the west of the spindle rocks by ripping the bottom out of your boat, or that the mouth of the Ipswich River is very shoally by coming aground hard and becoming dinner for the evening insects. Both Charlies advised that everyone take a refresher Boating Safety Course. The Captain and I took ours before we purchased the Melonseed because it had been years since we'd done any serious boating. It gave us a way to share experiences with old salts and encourage people new to boating. It was a great way to be almost boating in late March when the weather was grim. I learned more about navigation in the safety of the classroom than I ever absorbed below decks during a race with a wind shift.

Finally, Chief Surpitski and Officer Schwartz both ask that you use COMMON SENSE whether you plan on a day of fishing, meeting friends on the sand bars, or just messing about. Take a minute to think things through, consider problems you might encounter, and plan how you'd deal with them. If the weather or your equipment is iffy, don't go out. But even with all the cautionary advice, you can rest assured that IF you ever need help on the water in Ipswich, Massachusetts, you couldn't ask for two more accomplished individuals to provide it.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Small Boat Festival & Family Boatbuilding Weekend

Come on up to the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum Small Craft Weekend July 16-17 in Basin Harbor, Vermont, and get into a small boat, row it, paddle it, sail it, power it, build it! What better way to really enjoy Lake Champlain than in a small boat? Let us help you get out on the water. You can inspect and try out an array of small boats including kayaks, canoes, guideboats, sailboats, and powerboats.

Build your own 12' Bevin's Skiff in a three-day workshop. On Saturday kids can build and paddle or row a cardboard boat of their own design in the fun-filled Duct Tape Regatta. Test your skill and speed in the popular three-mile Challenge Race on Sunday. More than 50 non-motorized watercraft participated last year.

Watch live demonstrations of boatbuilding, boat handling, and water safety. Take a ride on the replica sail ferry *Weatherwax*. Listen to dynamic speakers and watch fascinating documentary films.

For more information call (802) 475-2022 or visit [www.lcmm.org](http://www.lcmm.org).

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, Basin Harbor, VT

### 23rd Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival

Over 40 vintage yachts will be on display August 20-21 at Hawthorne Cove Marina in Salem, Massachusetts, at our 23rd Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival, ranging from 19th century launches and canoes, to elegant 1920-40 era mahogany runabouts and cabin cruisers, to the comely sail flotilla, sloops and sharpies, yawls and schooners. Tour the vessels, meet skippers and crews, and vote for your favorite boat! A crafts market, artists, classic cars, old time music, parade, and "Blessing of the Fleet" all add to this colorful event.

Please call for boat entry information. Boats don't need to be in "show" condition. The spirit of the Festival is to gather together the grand old craft and those who love them. Information: (617) 666-8530, (617) 868-7587, [www.by-the-sea.com/bacbfestival](http://www.by-the-sea.com/bacbfestival)

Pat Wells, Somerville, MA

### 6th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show

The 6th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show at the Tuckerton Seaport in Tuckerton, New Jersey, takes place on August 20-21, sponsored by Tuckerton Seaport and the Philadelphia ACBS, Inc. Dedicated to preserving, presenting, and interpreting the rich maritime history, artistry, heritage, and environment of the New Jersey shore and the unique contributions of its baymen, Tuckerton Seaport is a project of the Barnegat Bay Decoy & Baymen's Museum, Inc.

For further information call (609) 296-8868, [info@tuckertonseaport.org](mailto:info@tuckertonseaport.org), [www.tuckertonseaport.org](http://www.tuckertonseaport.org).

## Information of Interest...

### More on Bolger Lugger Redesign

Following up on Phil Bolger's discussion of the redesign of my lugger *Le Dulci-Mer*, here are a couple of photos showing her under sail and ashore and a closeup up the winged keel in its final (for the moment) fixed wing version, showing it partially raised with the wings canted.

In 2004 the headboard, to which the upper end of the ballast control bar is attached, failed completely. The fiberglass T-beam reinforced 2" thick ply shattered. Obviously it was not strong enough and anyone contemplating a similar arrangement should use a heavy stainless headboard. Fortunately, this happened while the boat was hauled for some work. Rather than engage in some hit-and-miss attempts to replace the headboard, the wings were fixed in position so they no longer pivot. This has the disadvantage of creating a lot of drag when the keel is raised, but since it only needs to be raised for short trips under power to and from the dock to open water, this is an acceptable compromise.

It did allow for some effective fairing where the wings meet the keel and also the accurate setting of the wings so that they are parallel to the waterline when the keel is fully down. In fact, a degree or two of wing "lift" can be added by slightly raising the keel.

Also addressed was the drag of the 5.5" wide open keel slot on the bottom of the hull. Strips of 1/8" rubber were attached at each side, meeting in the middle. The rubber was cut out to fit the keel when it is in the fully down position. When the keel is raised the rubber bends to allow the keel to retract, but it forms a close fit around the keel when it is down and fairs flow of water past the keel slot. It has quieted the boat significantly and added at least a half knot of speed in most conditions.

Lastly, I had not made the cockpit and rudder changes shown on the plans in 2003. That was done in 2004, although instead of twin shallow rudders I'm using one offset somewhat deeper rudder which is working well. The new motor arrangement is wonderful, easy to get at and control, and much better than hanging off a bracket on the stern.

Gary Blankenship, Tallahassee, FL



### Owens Yachts Info Archives

This is to inform those that have an interest in Owens yachts, or Owens archival material, that as of May 20, 2005, I personally delivered all of my original Owens files to Peter Leshner at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, Maryland. To obtain copies of original material, please contact Peter.

There are now three/four websites and e-mail areas where you can view or locate more Owens information. Lysle Gray may be helpful in answering questions about Owens and Concorde boats.

By-The-Sea: <http://www.by-the-sea.com>, (508) 240-2533.

Lysle Gray: [www.lyslel@verizon.net](mailto:www.lyslel@verizon.net), (410) 242-6656.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum: [www.CBMM.org](http://www.CBMM.org).

KC Froehlich: [kctech@owensboats.org](mailto:kctech@owensboats.org).

Owens: [www.owensmarqueclub.com](http://www.owensmarqueclub.com).

Nautical Stars, PO Box 2065, Vincentown, NJ 08088, (609) 859-2370.

### Maine Coast Threatened by Development

At the turn of the last century there were 300 year-round island communities in the Gulf of Maine. Today only 15 remain. Of 7,000 miles of Maine coastline, only 25 miles of "working waterfront" remain for the families and communities who rely on the water as the foundation of their local economies. By 2050 most of the Maine coast will be classifiable as suburban/urban.

If you care about our beautiful Maine coast, its unique natural beauty, its culture and heritage, the fishing communities that give it its special character, the facts above are cause for great concern. Maine's island and coastal communities have been home to generations of families whose livelihoods depend on the sea. These same islands and coastal communities hold a special place in the hearts of millions of visitors and sailors who come to Maine to experience its unique natural beauty and culture. Yet this Maine coast is stressed as never before. The same beauty that draws people to Maine is putting the state's heritage and economy at risk as coastal development pressures shrink waterfront access and drive up real estate prices and property taxes.

For 20 years one organization, the Island Institute, has been the only non-profit dedicated solely to working on behalf of Maine's coastal and island communities. You can be a part of this important work when you join Island Institute. Contact us today for further details.

Island Institute, P.O. Box 648, Rockland, ME 04841-00648, (207) 594-9209, [inquiry@islandinstitute.org](mailto:inquiry@islandinstitute.org), [www.islandinstitute.org](http://www.islandinstitute.org).



### Those Holy Island Boat Sheds

The picture in the Nors Graphica Maritime Series advertisement on Page 17 of the April 15 issue caught my interest when I read the caption about the Holy Island boatsheds. I was going on a group tour of Scotland and our itinerary included a day trip to the Holy Island. We did go there and found several more of the overturned fishing boat sheds along the shoreline. These pictures show a couple of groups of the sheds.

The boats appear to have been brought ashore, turned over, and concrete poured around and (I assume) under them for a floor/foundation. There was no one around when I was there so I couldn't see inside of the sheds. Part of the aft section of the hulls seems to have been cut off and a bulkhead/wall built with door for access. The outer hull surface has been covered with felt paper held in place by battens nailed to the hull. These sheds are very unique and a great use of past-their-prime fishing boats.

Bayard "Stix" Cook, Orlando, FL



### What's Exciting at the Hull Lifesaving Museum?

What is exciting about our Lifesaving Museum in Hull, Massachusetts? Our youth and adult open water rowing programs? The traditional boatbuilding skills workshops? Preservation of rare, historic artifacts? Arts and science programs for elementary school children? Breeches Buoy re-enactments? Job skills training for high risk teens? Artist workshops and juried exhibitions? Curriculum-based, experiential education programs for middle schoolers? Fabulous parties?

Highlights of this season include:

The Maritime Artisans Program Series will include lectures, shop and outdoor-based workshops, and historical research opportunities regarding indigenous Massachusetts Bay watercraft, the people who built them, and the living traditions of wooden boats that still thrive in our region.

The expansion of our pioneering job training Maritime Apprentice Program for DYS-committed youth into a full-time, year-round program involves partnerships with over a dozen businesses, trade unions, training programs, and colleges assisting with career development in the maritime trades.

We are thrilled by the resurgence in participation of young Hullonians in the museum's 25-year old After School Open Water

Rowing program and their carrying on with a legendary local tradition. They join 350 other young people from the South Shore and Boston already engaged in this magnificent after-school activity.

For further information contact us at P.O. Box 221, Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433, <lifesavingmuseum@comcast.net>, www.lifesavingmuseum.org.

### Opinions...

#### Are High Tech Sails And Hulls Always Best?

Some lessons learned sailing in the delightful ocean breezes of Boston Harbor. In 1958-60 I crewed on Thistles while working in Quincy, Massachusetts, as a naval architect. Hustlers started after us. Initially we had little use for a "crude" cross-planked, V-bottom cat with no shrouds and no jib like the Hustler. But if the wind was light and there was a chop, they crept up on us and nipped at our heels!

Their crew just sat on the rail and let the sail sleep. We needed extensive sail and centerboard adjustments to manage to stay ahead. So we gained a healthy respect for C.W. Mower and his Hustler. Also, if the wind picked up, the Thistle "died" if it was reefed because the deep draft main lost its shape. To continue sailing the sails had to be luffed with all three of us hiking out all the way to hold the boat down. Meanwhile the Hustler crew never moved. Serenity! Therefore the Hustler was better for cruising. I bought plans for it but never built it.

The fastest Hustlers had the most rocker. This suggests its performance was because its transom was higher than the Thistle's, therefore did not drag in every wave, and in light air particularly one large sail is more efficient than two or three.

Ray Hunt's 110s also were a surprise. We had more sail area but with their longer waterline (24' vs. 17') we could not overcome their three-minute head start.

Another eye opener was a 23' Sam Crocker raised deck sloop, like a Stone Horse, which entered a race from Weymouth around Boston Light and back. Two dozen boats were entered, all larger and "higher tech" than the Crocker sloop. Ken Wharf, the owner, relaxed. Ken was up in years, had bad legs, and was fueled by Caldwell's Old New England rum, not my vision of a red hot skipper! I offered to trim the sails but he said leave the sheets alone and let the cotton sails sleep in the light breeze. He glanced once at the tidal current tables and skimmed the islands off Hingham without grounding (3' draft). He was in less current and played the boosts to windward from longshore back eddies from the strong incoming tide.

The others with red hot skippers and crews, in deeper water, made poor progress frantically tacking against the foul wind and tide. They eventually dropped out except for a 37' ketch. When the wind picked up it hobby-horsed, knocking the wind out of its sails, while Ken's sloop marched serenely along and won the race! Ken knew the harbor and knew his boat (and liquor). As Phil Bolger says, a fairly heavy displacement sailboat can excel in light weather if it has a large sailplan with well cut sails.

Jim Wonnell, FL

### Projects...

#### Gardner Dory Launched

On May 27, Neil Joyce of Shad Bay, Nova Scotia, and David Parham from Woodlands, Texas, apprentices at the Apprenticeship of Atlantic Challenge in Rockland, Maine, launched a 16' fishing dory they had built. They began work on this boat in March. The John Gardner dory design was redrawn from the original draft done at the Portsmouth Navy Yard in 1884. This boat was commissioned by the Carroll School of Lincoln, Massachusetts, and will be used for youth rowing programs at their facility after the launch. The Carroll School already has one such dory at their facility.

Grand Banks Dories were usually designed by the bottom length. For instance, this 16' dory is actually 20' LOA, a very large dory by today's standards. These boats row well with a tremendous amount of ballast as they were designed to haul nets, bring in a catch, and row fish back to a fishing schooner. Banks Dories were straight-sided and easily built so that they could nest on the decks of these ships and could be essentially disposable. This particular 'Shop-built boat was planked in pine, her frames are sawn hackmatack, her ribs and bottom cleats are white oak, the stem is yellow pine, and the transom is white oak.

Apprentices typically build three to four traditional wooden boats during their two years at the Apprenticeship. This is Neil Joyce's final boat, he graduates from the program on July 22nd and will be returning to Nova Scotia. Many other projects are currently underway on the 'Shop floor. Other boats scheduled for summer launches include: an 18' double ender, a 24' lobsterboat (currently for sale), a 14' Moosabec Reach Boat, three 8' skiffs from the Marine Mentoring Program, and a 12' Susan Skiff. For a complete schedule of summer launches or to learn more about Atlantic Challenge's programs, please call (207) 594-1800 or visit atlanticchallenge.com. Atlantic Challenge is a non-profit educational organization dedicated to inspiring personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and traditions of the sea.



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Low tide on the beach at Cedar Key.

## Cedar Key - 2005

By Ron Hoddinott

Photos by Bill Fite, Alan Hall, Ron Hoddinott, Jeff Lackey, Dave Thomasson

Cedar Key is a small island town on Florida's west coast. Thankfully it's a few decades behind the rest of Florida in development. Originally a terminus for Henry Plant's railroad, Cedar Key became a seaport for the shipment of settlers to southwest Florida, fish and turtles, and pencils with the name "Cedar" on the side. Nearby Atsena Otie Key was the location of the pencil factory where a railroad spur once spanned the shallow waters out to the island. Today you can visit the remains of the town and the graveyard of people who lived and died there before and after the Civil War.

The Cedar Key Small Boat Messabout is always the first full weekend in May. This year we celebrated the 21st year of this purposely unorganized and loose-ended event. We also witnessed the continued increase in numbers of participants and variety of small craft represented. Last year classic or unique motor boats began making an appearance, but were strangely absent this year. This year there seemed to be more kayaks and canoes, but the majority of boats were still small sailing craft with the ability to sail in skinny waters and take to the beach without worry.

The waters are quite shallow all around the Cedar Key area, but instead of being a problem, these shallows create an ideal sheltered playground for the shallow draft craft that flock to these islands every May. There are channels for boats of deeper draft but their mobility is limited once inside outer ring of small islands. The offshore islands offer the beach cruiser a place to land and have lunch in the shelter of a fallen log or to wade or walk the beach and talk boats with other like-minded people.

But the real show at Cedar Key is out on the water! I arrived on Friday, and before the truck was unloaded I was capturing photos of the amazing variety of sailing craft that were already out on the water or anchored behind the Island Place or the Faraway Inn. Robb and Jane White were staying at the Faraway Inn again and had the beautiful little Felucca with them. This lightweight wooden craft was easily lifted by the pair and set in the water. With a fully battened cat rigged sail, it appeared to be ideally suited for the shallow water and light winds that we experienced this weekend in May. Roger Allen from the Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum in

Cortez, Florida, had a beautiful Bahama Dinghy built in 1956 by Weiner Malone. Turner Matthews was sailing his lovely Penobscot 17, an Arch Davis Design. Glenn Maxwell had Zoe with him. Zoe is his Matt Layden Paradox that is finished like a yacht. I had the chance on Saturday morning to meet and talk with Matt Layden, the designer of the Paradox offshore miniature cruiser.

Hugh Horton and Bill Ling had the same room at the Island Place that they always occupy, and Hugh was sailing *Walela*, his black and cream Serendipity sister. Bill had an open canoe with a relatively high tech fully battened sail and what appeared to be a sliding gunter rig.

Friday evening Bob and Jeri Treat opened their home on 7th Street to all the "messers" and put on a delightful party. Hugh Horton, Rex and Kathy Payne, Larry Whited, Roger Allen, Chris Harkness, and a host of other luminaries of the small boat meet were there and the setting couldn't have been more perfect. Thanks, Bob and Jeri!

Saturday morning got started early. After breakfast at Cook's Cafe on Main Street, Dale Niemann and I paddled out to Atsena Otie Key. Halfway there we spotted the bright finished hull of Robb White's beautiful little Felucca. Jane and Robb were the first to the beach and holding court, answering questions about the craft and graciously accepting compliments on his boat building and writing. Dale asked about how Robb gets the light planks of the boat to bend and curl to the shape of the frames. Robb explained that he uses a spray of water and a heat gun to bend the planks into conforming to the shape of the ribs. Robb and Jane stayed on Atsena Otie a fairly long time before the itch to sail caught them and they took off to just enjoy the light breezes and the sparkling water.

Larry Whited sailed his Folbot with a Mark Balogh ketch rig to the beach and greeted long time friends. Mark Stewart was paddling a very long 19.5' CLC kayak that he built. Dale Niemann brought his Pigmy

kayak and I had a new Necky Manatee Sport kayak, so we all paddled through the center of Atsena Otie Key. Since I had the cheapest boat, I was elected to go first, my hull searching for hidden oyster bars. We found a few before finding our way in from the east. Now I don't have to worry about putting the first scratch on the boat!

Being inside Atsena Otie is always magical. The quiet tranquility of the place astounds you. The taller dead trees feature osprey and eagle nests and the shallows are alive with great blue and night herons stalking their prey. Overhead a flock of ibis soars, turning in unison, and smaller song birds inhabit the brush and thickets of the interior.

By the time we made it around the west side and back to the north beach a whole new flock of boats had arrived. A new boat for Cedar Key was Harvey Brillat's *Triton Ti*. It's a combination kayak and trimaran produced in California. Harvey's from Clearwater and it was his first time to the Cedar Key event. He said he was overwhelmed by the variety of small craft. Rex and Kathy Payne brought their handmade 16.5' Melonseed and enjoyed the day showing it off and sailing with the other small craft. Jay and Linda Soling brought back his original 1970s Clark Mills Suncat that he has lovingly restored to like new condition. Jay Ludwig was sailing the heck out of his Chamberlain dory, heading out to Snake Key and swooping around Atsena Otie Key.

And of course there were the Sea Pearls! John Martin had his teal decked Pearl for sale, Jeff and Diana Lackey were sailing *Moon Pie*, Dana Decker had his sloop rigged Sea Pearl prototype, Tosh and Jack from Georgia were everywhere with *Strider*, his well-customized Pearl. Howard and Sheila Feldman from Clearwater were getting the most out of their classic Sea Pearl *Sim-Plicity*. Gary and Nancy Dean were out with Sea Pearl hull #422, fresh from the boat shop in Tarpon Springs. Wow! What a sweet boat! Bill and Sheila Fite sailed *Moon Shadow* and they spent the night at anchor near Atsena Otie. Gary Weinkle's *La Perle Nue* was making a comeback after a harrowing experience a few months ago in a storm in the Gulf off of Crystal River, and Doug Cameron was sailing his 1982 Sea Pearl that he entered in the Water Tribe's Everglades



challenge a few years ago. His friend Michael Collins was sailing his Kruger Sea Canoe that the two of them won the Challenge in a year ago.

If there was anything really new about Cedar Key this year, it was an increase of the traditional wooden sail craft such as Roger Allen's Abacos Dinghy, built in 1956 by Weiner Malone. Roger is heading up the Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum in Cortez, Florida. Turner Matthews' lovely Arch Davis Penobscot 17 is another example of the traditional boat, as is Chuck and Kathy Payne's Melonseed. Dave Thomasson left his Sea Pearl home and was sailing his 17' sharpie. Bob Treat was sailing his Chappaquidick 12.5 catboat. Gil Walker brought his home built H-14 and a Wee Lassie canoe.

A gaggle of Drascombe boats were also in attendance this year. Kurt Bowman's lovely little Scaffie, *Becky Thatcher*, Alan Hall's *Coaster*, Harry Jordan's *Longboat*, and a few others who's names I could not discover.

Another highlight of the day was watching Matt Layden, designer of the microcruisers Paradox and Little Cruiser, sail his newest design in to the beach. It once again features chine logs which replace leeboards or centerboard. But this was an open topped boat and much shallower and lighter. Matt says there will probably be a dodger cabin for it in the future, but not yet. It's a perfect match for the light winds and shallow areas of Cedar Key.

Chuck Leinweber from Duckworks on-line magazine was there and did some sailing with Gary Blankenship in his *Frolic II* by Jim Michalak. There were also two Peep Hens at Cedar Key this year. Art Gregory and Brenda Bell sailed Art's well traveled *Kiva* and Greg Maxwell sailed his Peep, *Emerald*. Glen Maxwell, owner of Paradox *Zoe*, remarked to me how well his brother's Peep Hen sailed. Steve Kingery sailed his Dovekie and had a crew of girls from the Manatee Watch program in Crystal River pulling on the oars when the wind quit!

I had to head in about 2pm on Saturday to get the party going and had lots of help from Squadron members. Paul Waggoner brought the equipment he needed to do our Brats the Wisconsin way, which involves quite a lot of beer! But he had help from Billy and Joyce Van Deusen. I think Billy will be our head chef next year. Bob Wood and Dale Niemann helped with sales of our West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron tee shirts and I pretty much just ran around like a chicken making sure everyone had what they needed.

This year was the third year in a row that the West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron has hosted a cookout on Saturday night. Everyone at the Small Boat Meet was invited. For a small cover charge, expertly cooked brats, hamburgers, and all the fixin's were available. It's always tough to judge how many will come, but we figured it pretty well, except that we ran out of meat after the first half hour! Mark Smith saved the day by running to the store for more brats and hot dogs! Meanwhile Island music from steel pan stylist John Shaw wafted through the air, making for a very festive atmosphere. His music is infectious and after dinner we had several couples cut a rug under the big shelter out by the waterfront of the Gulfside Motel, which loaned us their facility for the evening.



Larry Whited in his Folbot with a Balogh outrigger sail rig and Dale Niemann in his Pygmy kayak appear to have differing destinations.



Sculling out of Cedar Key in early morning light air.

Drascombe, *Promises*, and Sea Pearl, *Sim-Plicity*, compare notes before the people arrive.





Greg Maxwell brought his *Emerald*, one of two Peep Hens in attendance this year.



Turner Matthews' Arch Davis designed Penobscot 17 added a traditional New England presence.

Matt Layden, designer of Paradox and Little Cruiser, brought his latest minimalist creation, an even smaller and much lighter open topped craft. Note sun umbrella.



Beauty and the beast? Chuck and Kathy Paynes' gorgeous Melonseed drawn up on the beach alongside a Jim Michalak design.



Harvey Brillat's Triton, *Ti*, is a kayak trimaran built in California.

Faraway sundown over a dried out beach.







Rex Payne with his Melonseed that he and Kathy brought from their shop in Indiana.



Matt Layden fielding inquiries about his latest minimalist sailboat.



Robb White, left, and Hugh Horton, right, talking small boats. Hugh has been the motivating force behind Cedar Key since the first gathering 21 years ago.

The snake tree frames a distant boat approaching in light air.



Dale Niemann looking over Robb White's felucca as the builder awaits the next question.

Peace.





*Hazel* and I get underway.

Day One, or It Doesn't Get Any Better Than This! Route: Flamingo to South Joe River Chickee. Forecast: NE 10-15 and gusty.

Late afternoon on South Joe Chickee. I am in a bay off the Joe River, on a wooden platform. Water surrounds me. There are no sounds but those of wind and water and sea creatures. My boat is secured for the night. Dinner has been cleared away. It is still light and the mosquitoes who live in the mangroves that ring this bay have not yet found me so I linger outside my tent, reveling in the breeze, the evening sun, the chatter of the water beneath me. I am alone and I am joyful. I smile silent thanks to the Park Service for building these shelters for folks like me who love to travel the watery world of Everglades National Park.

Today was a fine start for our 18-day trip through the Park. *Hazel* and I left Flamingo this morning and paddled up glassy Buttonwood Canal to Coot Bay. There we hoisted sail and the fun began... a one-reef wind in Coot Bay, a following current in Tarpon Creek, and finally Whitewater Bay... whizzing along in 15 knots of breeze, double-reefed, christened by spray.

The most excellent *Hazel* is a Folbot Greenland II, a 17' tandem folding kayak. She flies a 38sf Balogh batwing, is perfectly suited to 'Glades travel, roomy enough to easily hold food, water, and luxury items for a two-week trip, stable enough to stand up in, useful when unpacking at low tide at ladderless chickees, and big enough to sleep in.

And I am a swamp lover from way back. In certain circles I am known as "Swamp Girl." That pretty much says it all.

Here is our plan. We will chickee-hop our way from Flamingo to Chokoloskee along the bays and rivers of the interior. After a day in "Choko" to re-supply, we will set out for the return trip to Flamingo, this time exploring the 10,000 Islands area and camping on the keys and beaches of the Gulf of Mexico and Florida Bay. Theoretically this is a trip of 170 statute miles. It took us 208. Yep, you guessed it, headwinds all the way!

On South Joe chickee there is fish noise all night. Schools of tiny creatures froth the surface as some bigger, hungry guy rises from the bottom, picking off the dangles who can't get airborne in time. The sound is startling, like sudden surf.

## *Hazel* Cruises The Everglades Flamingo to Chokoloskee and Back

By Ann Rougle



South Joe Chickiee.

I see the glow from Miami in the east. Ha ha, city lights, you're there and I'm here! Water laps all around me.

Day Two, or Thar be Giants. Route: South Joe River Chickee to Shark River Chickee. Forecast: NE 10-15 and gusty.

Up at 6am to a lightening sky. A highway of clouds recedes to the east, seeming to emanate from there. A perfect sun path. I wait for the sun to rise, but when it does it is not centered over the cloud path. In this idyllic place this seems an oversight, somehow.

As I sail through the Joe River's many twists and turns, I see dolphins fishing at every point, their fins cutting figure-eights like snorkelers circling a coral fan.

I stop for a break at the Joe River chickee. So do two motorboats. The people are friendly, curious. "What kind of boat is that?" Already I am in solitary mode. The request to enter into conversation pulls against the grain. I answer in monosyllables, leave quickly, drawn away by the tug of the wind in the sail.

I am keeping a date with Shark River chickee. This is the place I most wanted to re-visit this year. This is why I brought a tent that is all mesh. Last year there were animal noises all night long, scrabbings and scratchings and plungings and ploppings, it sounded like a flock of penguins lining up to take running leaps from the platform, then clambering back up to have another go. We'll see what happens tonight. If anything does, I aim to witness it!

But nothing does. No penguin parties this year. Just fish jumping. And eerie creakings in the woods behind the chickee. Like a giant slowly approaching, but never arriving. I stare and stare but I can't see him. I awake briefly at 4am. Silence.

Day Three, or Birds and Kayakers Settle in For the Night. Route: Shark River Chickee to Harney River Chickee. Forecast: Wind NE 10-15 becoming ESE 15-20 and gusty. Showers and thunderstorms, especially late and overnight.

I sail east up the Shark River, follow it as it turns north, then head west down the Harney River, all but the last bit upwind and upcurrent. Though shifty and puffy, the wind is strong, and I have all day to sail 10 miles and I am happy.

In the Harney I spook an unseen manatee. He bolts by going under the boat, two swirling "pancakes" to my left, then two to my right.

I arrive at the Harney River chickee just before the downpour begins in earnest. What a wonderful place to sit out the front that's due tonight! Perfect timing. Well, lucky timing.

There is a mud bar behind the chickee where ibises gather to dine at low tide. During the 6pm hour, families of birds fly up the Harney to roost on some spackled tree somewhere. I watch them fly to their home, snug in my tent, as the rain starts up again.

Day Four, or Rudder Repairs; Swamp Girl Gets a New Name. Route: Harney River Chickee to Broad River Campsite. Forecast: WNW 15-20 kts. Isolated showers in the morning.

I awake to much wind. Violent gusts, replaced by violent lulls, like involuntary gasps. Intermittent rain squalls. My route will take me down the Harney River, out into the Gulf of Mexico, up the coast, and into the Broad River.



I launch and raise sail. It is blustery. Scudding along before a massive gust, still in sight of the chickee, I hear a twang. A sharp, meaning-laden twang. But nothing looks broken so, master of denial that I am, I keep going. Funny thing, though, it is suddenly very hard to turn left. The rudder pedal has tension on it and I can push it forward a normal distance but the rudder does not turn. Huh? Eventually I figure out that the sheath of the port rudder line has frayed through and a single very taut inner strand is all that is holding the line together. Ulp.

I paddle back to the chickee. The starboard rudder line is also frayed, but still functional with three inner strands intact. I replace both lines, dangling monkey-style from the chickee ladder to reach the stern of the boat. It is low tide.

Sailing down the Harney River I am hit by 180-degree shifts, shifts around the clock, fan-shaped shifts. I sit scrunched down low because flying jibes and flying tacks are the norm, not the exception. At times, while the wind howls through the treetops, we are becalmed. Then suddenly, splat! Wind from starboard, then wind from port. What fun!

The Gulf is a pussycat by comparison. Plenty of wind, but steady and offshore so the waves are minimal. *Hazel*, double-reefed, handles it beautifully.

Here is where Swamp Girl gets a new name. Broad River campsite has a nice low, convenient loading platform and a not-so-convenient high dock. When I arrive a canoe is already moored to the low platform, leaving the high, ladderless dock for *Hazel* and me. I set about de-rigging and off-loading, tossing gear up onto the dock, clambering up and down the pilings to make room for more stuff. The two nice fellows from the canoe keep offering to help, but I really want to figure out how to do it myself. I love that about solo trekking, no sloughing off. No division of labor. You have to solve all the problems yourself. And if there is competence to be gained, it's all yours.

The next morning the canoists again offer to help me load. I love the fact that they are willing, but again I say, "Thanks, but I think I've got it." One of them says, in a friendly way, "Well, you're just a one-woman man, aren't you?" He means it nicely and I take it in that spirit. Actually, I love the concept, having a niche in both worlds.

Day Five, or Definitely Rodger's River. Route: Broad River Campsite to Rodgers River Chickee. Forecast: NNE 10-15.

Winds are light, beating up the Broad, but the current is with me this time, ha ha!

The Rodgers River chickee is not where the charts say it is. If you go looking for it, have faith. Just keep going. It's there.

As I approach the chickee platform an alligator eases out from the shore and slowly swishes his way over to the chickee to check *Hazel* and me out. He finds us uninteresting and swishes away. I christen him Rodger. Later, at the Everglades City ranger station, I learn that people have lodged complaints and he will likely be destroyed. We create the monster, thereby sealing his doom.

Day Six, or Forgive Me, Tofu. Route: Rodgers River Chickee to Plate Creek Chickee. Forecast: N 10-15. North! So what's new? Have I mentioned that my direction of travel is north?

In my nothing-but-net tent I awake to sunrise over the island at my feet. I watch the sky turn pink over my toes.

*Hazel* and I have an exhilarating reach westward across Big Lostmans Bay in 15 knots of wind. Now this is the life!

Then the wind goes all pale and wan. A long slow beat against strong current into Third Bay and up Onion Key Bay. Naturally, every time I have myself lined up for one final tack out of one bay and into the next, the wind shifts in my face. Makes no difference what my approach is. There is no conceivable justification for this behavior. I begin to suspect malicious intent.

During dinner on Plate Creek chickee three dolphins mosey by, inspiring all sorts of romantic notions about their gracefulness, peacefulness, gentleness. Then they reach a point that juts out from the north side of the island. The water boils with sudden savage thrashings. I imagine fangs slashing, jaws crunching. Dinnertime is a violent thing. I apologize to my rice and beans before chomping down on the next spoonful.

Day Seven, or At the Center. Route: Plate Creek Chickee to Sweetwater Chickee. Forecast: N 5-10 becoming SW 10-15. A cold front will pass through late tonight and tomorrow.

In the smooth calm of the morning I paddle across Plate Creek Bay and into Plate Creek. Lucky I decided to keep the mast down. It is tight quarters in here. Some places are less than a set of outriggers wide. This is part of the Wilderness Waterway, though, and I am not alone. When I hear motorboats approaching I back into the greenery to let them pass.

I paddle through a string of bays and connecting creeks. Streams on each side of Alligator Bay flow in opposite directions. The directions reverse when the tide changes, but always they are opposite. Alligator Bay must be the place where incoming tides from the north and the south meet to sort it all out. I feel privileged to be in this place.

This is the week of the Watertribe Everglades Challenge, a small boat adventure race from Tampa to Key Largo. After dinner at Sweetwater chickee, competitors Greybeard and Ridgerunner pull up in their Kruger Cruiser, having spent the last two-and-a-half days on board. We pass a lovely evening together. This is a rare thing. I am sharing a campsite with folks who do not ask why I am out here. We are out here for the same reasons.

Day Eight, or Lunch Meat for Fish. Route: Sweetwater Chickee to Sunday Bay Chickee. Forecast: SE 20-25 kts, shifting to WNW.

Quite a ride through Last Huston and Huston Bays, double-reefed! It is cold, rainy, and very windy. I take the wrong arm of Sunday Bay and almost miss the chickee. Just in time, I glimpse it off to my left through a break the mangroves.

I set up my tarp sideways on Sunday Bay chickee to block the wind and rain and to make a little sheltered corner for myself. Note: For tarped privacy on double chickees, always pick the downwind chickee platform. And hope for no cigar smokers upwind.

My chickee-mates are a lovely family, father, daughter, uncle. She jigs for fish with raisins to no avail. Eventually she catches a catfish with summer sausage and then a crab with catfish liver. I am invited to dinner but have already had my bean stew.

Day Nine, or Blame the Hat. Route: Sunday Bay Chickee to Chokoloskee. Fore-

cast: NW 15-20. Isolated showers in the am, the dreaded "rain likely" in the afternoon. Another early start is called for.

Gusty winds, rain-in-the-face all morning. But we have a favorable current the whole way, woohoo.

At one point, however, the current does not seem all that favorable. In Hurdles Creek, just as I am planning to tack away from the lefthand shore to gain some sea room, I hear a motorboat coming up behind me. I decide not to tack and hug the left side, paddling to keep from crashing into the mangroves. Such, at least, is my intention. Blame it on my hat. Yeah, that's it. It's that danged hat brim which obscures the overhanging tree. I sail right into it. Whereupon that "favorable" current swings my stern out perpendicular to the shore just in time for the motorboat's wake to slam the bow into a gap-toothed array of mangrove prop roots. I am totally stuck. Bow jammed in among the roots, mast hard against the tree, and pinned in place by the current. Finally I acknowledge that I must lower the sail (standing up to pry the sail hoops past the tree with my paddle). I take down the mast and suddenly find myself swirling down-creek as I struggle to re-rig.

Day Ten, or Bring Your Own Hershey Bars. Restocking in Chokoloskee.

Chokoloskee has a great motel, a fine all-tide launch ramp, banks of washers and driers, a post office to which you can mail yourself supplies for your return trip. Chokoloskee does not have restaurants open for breakfast or dinner, almond-less Hershey Bars, pay phones.

But Everglades City is a mere three-mile walk away and there you can find all the Hershey bars you could hope for. I buy my permit for the next leg of the trip at the ranger station, treat myself to a restaurant meal and, yes, stock up on chocolate.

Day Eleven, or Don't Flush the Duct Tape. Route: Chokoloskee to Rabbit Key. Forecast: SE 5-10.

Some would say that I have an unhealthy lack of fear of alligators. Bring on your crocs, your snakes, your snapping turtles, even your raccoons. But I tremble in terror at the thought of hypalon-slashing oyster beds. And I am told that they abound in the 10,000 Islands area. This is why I started my trip the easy way, taking the inside route up to Choko instead of the Gulf route, staying on chickees wherever I could, building up my nerve. Now, restocked, laundered, and refreshed, it is time to face the music. *Hazel* and I are about to enter the 10,000 Islands!

To my surprise and relief I make my way through Chokoloskee Bay and Rabbit Key Pass and reach open water without a single oyster encounter. Maybe we will survive after all.

Now that I have turned south, so has the wind. We used to be friends. Or so I thought.

Rabbit Key. It is a lovely starry night, points of light shining through the leaves overhead and silhouetting the mast at my feet. Around 5am soft, cool fingers of rain on my face gently wake me up. I long to lie here and enjoy the sensation. But sleeping bags do get wet. So I pull the rain fly over me like a blanket and go back to sleep.

Before going to bed I moved all my food and water into the tent on the theory that raccoons will not try to enter a tent with a human in it. In the morning light I awake to find raccoon claw holes on one side of the tent. It is as if they had put their front paws

up to press their noses against the mesh looking for a midnight snack. So I'm lying on my back, looking at the claw holes, wondering what the heck campers are supposed to do with their food in a place with nothing but sand and low, bushy trees. Thinking I should buy another cooler. Or an ursack. Then my gaze drifts to my feet and, beyond them, to the kayak outside the tent. And the kayak mast. Doh! It was there all along, a ready-made, unscalable tree!

So I break out the duct tape to repair the tent. Did I mention that in my haste to pack up last night in the motel my final act was to knock the duct tape into the toilet? Maybe I'll wait and patch the tent tonight.

Day Twelve, or Raking Muck. Route: Rabbit Key to New Turkey Key to stealth anchorage on Bird Key. Forecast: W 5-10.

The tide is low this morning on Rabbit Key. I circumambulate the island. The erstwhile sea bottom is alive with baby horseshoe crabs plowing their way busily from here to there, digging in to hide from each other when their wanderings bring them too close.

West wind today, I do like the sound of that! A reach! What a day for *Hazel* and me! Nice and strong, too, 10kts, maybe. Some interesting waves, especially when I turn downwind. The fetch is across the Gulf of Mexico. Or so I imagine.

See, I knew the 10,000 Islands were sneaky. There are unbuoyed shoals, like the sometimes-covered, sometimes-not, Little Pavilion Key. Today they are marked by breakers.

I sail without tacking, wonder of wonders, to New Turkey Key, a two-party key, for which I have a reservation. But there are already two parties there. I decide not to wave my permit around, just use the facilities and press on. I have been wanting to try out *Hazel's* live-aboard screen tent and this is the perfect opportunity. Oh boy!!!

Now, where to spend the night?

I am quite timid about anchoring in the open, especially on a Saturday night. At length I come upon a mangrove island with a small bay in it. Bird Key. The little bight looks enticing, the west wind rippling the surface of the water. Yes, water. Water is good. The tide is ebbing, this I know. And I also know that the chart, well, both charts actually, agree that the bay I am eyeing will be high and dry by mean lower low. But hey, it should be a nice, oozy bottom. So what if *Hazel* rests upon it during the night? Right?

So I sail on into the little bay, looking for a nook where I'll be out of sight. One might wonder exactly what it is that I wish to be out of the sight of, since with the predicted lack of water in the bay no boats are going to come run me down. But still, I feel the need for a nook.

I find the perfect spot, a corner where I am able to tie bow and stern out to mangrove branches. I have my netting shelter all set up by 5pm, well before mosquito time. Ah yes, all is well in... did someone say Mudville? With a jolt I notice that not only is the water under the boat dropping fast, but jagged things are starting to poke up out of bay. Waterlogged branches with barnacles on them. Clumps of dead oyster shells. YIKES!!! OYSTERS!!! I'd been counting on a nice soft bottom, had even given it a couple of exploratory pokes with my trusty Folbot paddle and it seemed soft and cushy enough. But what if the descending water deposits

*Hazel* on top of a be-barnacled log or a cluster of oysters? I envision her impaled and me spending the night thigh-deep in sludge, unloading my gear into the mangroves so I can turn her over in the mud. And patch her. With my loo-water-soaked duct tape. Aaaaagh! This is the dumbest thing I have ever done!

But she is still afloat. So I set to work. Kneeling in the cockpit I comb the bottom with the Folbot paddle. I use it as a crowbar and spade to fling limbs and oysters out of *Hazel's* reach. I love that paddle, aluminum shaft, thick plastic blade, heavy, inefficient, and totally indestructible! After I have done all I can from inside the boat, I decide there is nothing for it but to put on my boots and finish the job properly from outside the boat. Happily there is bottom enough to sustain my weight after I sink through the first 6" of muck. I continue shoveling and scraping until finally the boat grounds out. Well, that's that. All we can do now is hope. I lift one of the 3" foam floorboards, the rear one, and feel the bottom of the bilge. She is sitting firmly on good old soft stuff, feels like mud and leaves. I don't want to know what might lurk under the rest of the boat since there is nothing I can do about it at this point.

I climb back in and sit with my knees under my chin on the rear floorboard, terrified of putting any of my 150lbs on any other part of the boat. This could be it. What if the boat gets holed. I won't know until midnight or later when the tide comes back up. Then what do I do? And what if she survives this low tide but shifts a bit on the next high and comes back down on something sharp?

But eventually I get hungry and finally sleepy, so I eat one of those yuppy MREs and try to read for a bit, looking up periodically to watch the tide recede. It's at that row of oyster shells that looks like a giant set of dentures. Read a paragraph. Now it's at that submerged log. The tide is, in the most literal sense of the words, "going out." Eventually it is gone. The bay is completely dry. And me at the bitter end of it.

So I set my alarm for 3am and sleep in my clothes, determined to leave on the next high. In my dream, I wake up to find *Hazel* full of water. I pack her into her two bags and take her to the nearest parking lot for repairs.

The swaying of the boat wakes me at 2:30am as *Hazel* is gently nudged by the rising tide. I am lying on a sleeping pad on top of 3" of closed cell foam. If there is a hole in the boat, would I know it yet? How far up would the tide have to come before the water gets to my sleeping bag? I lie there until I can no longer see jagged oyster teeth above the water. Then I lie there some more. Finally I let myself believe that we have survived the night. Hooray!!!

Day Thirteen, or PJs Not Recommended. Route: Bird Key to Highland Beach. Forecast: light and variable, becoming SW 5kts. S-SE-SW for the foreseeable future. Think maybe I went the wrong way round?

Once I am sure that all of the pointy things in the bay are well submerged, I retrieve *Hazel's* mooring lines and set out, paddling in the dark. No moon, no clouds. Lots of stars, some shooting, most standing still. I key-hop generally southwards.

Always believe your instruments, say my pilot friends. And your chart. You'd think that after last night I would put more stock in NOAA's opinions about water depth. But no...

I decide to paddle between two keys in order to avoid a longer open crossing. Suddenly, it seems as if we are stopped. Maybe even going backwards. Huh? I check the GPS and we are still moving forward at the same rate. But the sensations coming from my paddle and the boat are very odd. Almost as if... But it couldn't be shallow this far from the key, could it? Where is that cha... Oh no! The rudder screeches agonizingly over something very hard. Then the bow hits, then the bottom. OYSTERS!! I can't back up because the rudder is lodged among the shells. I can't even flip the blade up. Man. OK, here goes. I pull on my still-muddy boots and hop out, 4:30am, pitch dark, and ease *Hazel* back into deep water. Still, this marvelous craft floats!

It is 8:30am and I have been underway for five hours. I have all day to make the three miles to Highland Beach and its infamous mud banks, which marooned me last year. This year I have a secret plan to deal with its shoals. The plan is to land on a rising tide, spend the day onshore, then anchor out a ways overnight and let the tide do what it will.

We arrive at Highland Beach, *Hazel* and I, at just about dead low. I sail along the beach, taking soundings with the Folbot paddle, looking for the bit of beach with the deepest water near shore. We find the perfect spot. Strangely (prophetically, some might say), it does not occur to me to be astonished by the fact that I can paddle right up to Highland Beach at low tide.

While I am ashore cooking breakfast a canoe paddles by, headed north. This is our second encounter. We passed each other in the Harney River last week. We are looping the loop in opposite directions. I surprise myself by wishing he had stopped to talk, despite the fact that when I saw a canoe approaching "my" beach, I said, audibly, "Oh no!" This is an old story, "Go away. No, wait, come back!"

I spend an idyllic day reading, strolling up and down the beach, and chaperoning the horseshoe crab orgy that convenes at high tide.

When I paddle out to anchor for the night my pre-scouted deepish spot somehow does not seem as deep as I expect. But ebb has already started so I figure I will be OK. In any case, the Highland Beach bottom is certified Folbot-safe, as I discovered firsthand one very muddy day last year.

So I anchor and sit in splendor, wind against my back, back against the mast. A lovely onshore breeze! This is the life! Maybe tonight I'll sleep without any mosquito netting. Or not. At 6:10, official mosquito attack time, they appear. Hordes of them. No fair!!!!!! How the heck did they find me out here with an onshore breeze? With alarm I see many of them take shelter from the wind in the boat, under the side decks, in the stern compartment. I am doomed.

It was a bad night. They hid beneath the deck and came out in shifts to munch on me. I had changed into pajamas and they can bite through them easier than through my paddling clothes. It was a bad night! I may have mentioned that.

Oh, plus I was aground at low tide for a couple of hours. I finally figured it out. My scoping of the tide height during the daytime low had been of an especially high low, quasi-semi-diurnal as we approach neap. It



pays to read those little numbers next to the tide times, evidently.

Day Fourteen, or Earplugs and a Sea Sock. Route: Highland Beach to anchorage in Little Shark River. Wind: light and variable, becoming S 5kts. Trying to ignore the crazed squealing of dive-bombing mosquitoes, I make myself stay in bed, head shrouded in several layers of netting, until first light, then take off.

There is a light land breeze. As we drift along, I cook breakfast over the Esbit stove. I decide that I will not cook while underway again. It can get a little warm for comfort when you have to pass your legs through the kitchen to steer.

This is my 20-mile day in theory (Highland Beach to Northwest Cape Beach) and the forecast is for "light and variable" becoming a 5kt southerly headwind. Oh well. We'll see how far we can get. Tonight, if we don't make Northwest Cape, I will master this sleeping-in-the-boat thing! The mouth of the Little Shark River seems a reasonable goal.

I ride the shifty land breeze far out in the morning, almost to the main channel. When the southerly comes in I am able to sail to the Little Shark in one long tack. A brilliant strategy! I'd like to say I planned it this way, but it was luck.

I anchor at a spot close to the shore in what I'm SURE is 5' above mean low. This anchoring thing is magic. You just toss it overboard and your boat stays in one place. Even when you are not aground.

Tonight I set up my mosquito netting so carefully. The hordes are massed outside, whining away. Ha ha! Can't get me! Well, OK, a few do get in. But they are easy to catch. I feel confident of a good night's sleep. The reflection of the ama is startlingly shark-like, here in the Little Shark. The current gurgling against the mangrove roots sounds like ocean waves in sea caves. I am right where I want to be.

OK, now it's later. We have been infiltrated. Every time I shift position a couple dozen mosquitoes appear from somewhere, maybe the hold, I don't know. Finally, deciding that the problem is that I have trapped disgruntled mosquitoes inside the net with me, I take off the canopy to set them free. Bad idea. All the mosquitoes of Little Shark River descended en masse. I swaddle myself in netting. Now all I need is earplugs. And *Hazel* needs a proboscis-proof sea sock.

Day Fifteen, or How to Cover Up the Perfect Crime. Route: Little Shark River to Northwest Cape Beach. Wind: SE 5 kts.

This morning I cannot not shake those bugs! I wait for sunrise, they are still there. I paddle out of the wind shadow of the shore to catch the breeze, still with me. I begin to sail, they will not leave! They are on the sail. Under my hat brim. There are squished bodies on deck, on the boom, the paddleshaft. They continue to attack. Each time I hear that incoming whine I swat myself in the face, forgetting that I am wearing my glasses. I didn't wash my face this morning, just rigged and got the heck out of Dodge as fast as I could. I wonder how bloodspattered I am.

Waiting for the land breeze and the gradient wind to fight it out, the sea is still. Slightly heaving. Silver-gold-tarnished. The sea creatures love this day. Big fish jump, tarpon-sized. A manatee noses up. I startle another manatee, I think, many sudden roilings to starboard.



Northwest Cape Beach.

I paddle more than I sail today. I have many miles to cover and I am not leaving my fate in the hands of a 5kt headwind. I am determined to find solid ground and sleep in my tent tonight!

I land on Northwest Cape Beach after spending 36 hours on the boat.

After dinner I take a long walk south (upwind) along the shore, singing songs from Carousell. And The Fantastiks. Somehow the late Jerry Orbach, idol of my youth, is on my mind. On the way back, walking downwind, I pay for my frivolity. My face is now the leewardmost exposed skin on my body and it is a mosquito haven. Who knew they like musicals? They follow me into the tent and I hunt them down for an hour. Tip: Off them with a wet paper towel. Execution and mop-up in one mighty blow.

Day Sixteen, or Whatever Else You May Have to Leave Behind, Never Skimp on the Paper Towels!. Route: Northwest Cape Beach to Middle Cape Beach. Forecast: SE 15-20. A low is due tomorrow night.

I sleep past the sunrise this morning. How sweet to be on solid ground and bug-free!

The weather radio says small craft should exercise caution today. OK, I will. The shoreline is practically solid beach all the way to East Cape and beyond, with plenty of bail-out points. Surf permitting.

This is *Hazel's* first launch into surf. The shore is steep so there is a single break, high enough to dump a good bit of water into the cockpit if it hits just right. I move the boat down near the waterline and get her completely set up. Everything battened down, gear arranged so there is a space for bailing. Check the batteries in the pump. Put on the outriggers. Raise the sail, double-reefed, with the sheet all the way out so the sail won't catch the wind until I trim it in. Roll up pant legs (more about that later), take off shoes. Then, after all that, it is too easy. I nose *Hazel* out past the break where she waits obediently while I hop in, trim in, and off we go. We took one breaker over the

coaming but it was barely enough to pump. Hooray for Folsailbots! This would have been a challenge for me in a sea kayak.

Out in Florida Bay we beat along against a fierce headwind, double-reefed. The waves at first are rarely more than a foot high. I tack back and forth between the near-shore spot where the shallows steepen the waves and the offshore place where the Florida Bay fetch lets them build. Every time I decide I have gone out far enough, it is with the same panicked thought. Er, OK, that fellow with the foam spilling over is a 2-footer and I don't think I want to see a 3-footer. Helm alee!

I pass Middle Cape point, looking for a landing spot. The waves get huge all of a sudden. Chest-height, shoulder-height, head-height, and beyond. I devote all my attention to dodging the curling foam on the wavetops.

These are the biggest seas I've been on in a small boat. *Hazel* rides up over them beautifully. I am awfully glad to be going upwind. She is much harder to control in a following sea. At one point my Folbot paddle-half washes off the deck and I have to circle three times to recapture it.

Landing looks pretty dicey on the south side of the cape but I see no other option. It is time to get off the water. A single break line of surf rolls along the shore, crashing and sending spray up into the air. I envision crumpled outriggers, but I am not about to take them off! I sail close in, parallel to the shore, riding the rollers. When I spot a good campsite I ease the sail all the way out and just let the waves push me to shore. One dumper spills into the cockpit, but once past that the slosh just helps push *Hazel* further up the beach. Whew!

This part of Middle Cape Beach is full of pretty camping nooks, succulents, palms, cactus.

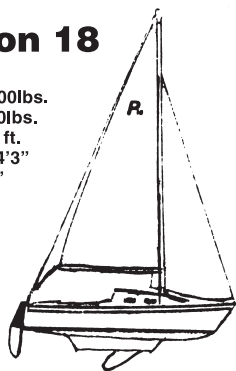
Mindful of the front due tomorrow, I pick a spot near a sea-grape tree so I can guy some of my tent lines to something solid.

No Jerry Orbach on the beach tonight! I will not sleep with mosquitoes! I am inside

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the tent by 6:10. Hah! Outfoxed 'em. It's a shame that to "win" against the mosquitoes I have to imprison myself.

My legs hurt. They are sunburned. It takes cold compresses (aka wet paper towels) to let me get some sleep.

As I sit in my tent the surf is thunderous and I know how lucky I am to be here, safe and dry, tethered to a tree.

Day Seventeen, or Front Row Seat for Woodstock and Me. Route: Layover at Middle Cape Beach. Forecast: SW 15 and gusty. Numerous showers and isolated thunderstorms in the afternoon.

When I bought my permit in Everglades City, I reserved one night on each of the three Cape Sable beaches, even though the Capes are only five miles apart. This was my safety valve in case I needed to declare myself storm-bound for a night or two. Looks like tonight is the night! There's a front due. I am happy. Hunkering down and watching the weather go by is always a great pleasure to me.

I sleep in, have a leisurely breakfast.

My beloved Sierra stove is not exactly a model of efficiency on this trip. The mangrove wood that I burned during my chickee run and the beach wood I am using now have no pith. They flame and go out. I was using up matches so fast that I bummed a box from a passing houseboat on the Harney. But I have discovered a secret weapon. Pistachios! Cover the floor of the stove with a couple of layers of shells and you can have a one-match meal every time.

I spend the day reading and walking the miles of beach. I find footprints leading from the water to the grass line and back. Something that has claws and drags its tail. Too skinny for a sea turtle. Crocodile?

In late afternoon the front finally comes through. This is it! The wind shifts and swells. The surf switches direction without missing a beat. Mighty gusts. The radio reports 35 kts. As the storm kicks up I make a final pass around the boat, checking to see that all is secure. I pick up the leeboard, and the wind rips it out of my hands.

I climb into my tent as wind is joined by rain. The drops fly slantwise through the air so that I can keep the leeward half of the fly open and watch the streaked, toppling rollers crash on the beach. Witnessing the building of these seas is breath-taking. Lightning crashes but I feel safe in my tent.

During the height of the rain and wind a fat little bird takes shelter under my rainfly. His name is Woodstock. As I have said at least once every day of this trip, it doesn't get any better than this!

Day Eighteen, or One-Woman Man No More. Route: Middle Cape Beach to Flamingo Forecast: NW 15 and gusty, becoming NW 10-15 in the afternoon.

I awake at 6:15. The wind is down this morning, although NW 15 and gusty is still predicted. I decide to launch ASAP, without breakfast. Top priority today is to get to Flamingo before the evening mosquitoes set in so I can dry Hazel out and pack her up in peace!

But right now my problem is no-see-ums. Northwest breezes are offshore at Middle Cape. This morning all of the beach except for the strip closest to the waterline is in windshadow. I am bug fodder.

As I stand next to the water in my narrow corridor of bugless breeze, I tot up the work that must be done in the no-see-um zone: offload gear from tent to tarp, bail the boat, break down the tent, drag the boat closer to the water, load the boat, set up the sail rig...

The tent, fly, boat, and trees to which the tent is guyed are infested. A cloud of no-see-ums hovers over the line of wet seaweed left by the last high tide, which I must cross to get from my safe zone to the boat, gear, and tent.

With each foray into the bug-studded doldrums I am attacked by pinpoints of pain. There is nothing for it. Run into the cloud, work for a minute or two, run back to safety and swat and slap and try to find a minute's respite. Then back into the fray. What was it I said about loving the fact that on solo treks I get to do all the work myself? If my Broad River campmate were here, and fool enough to offer help, I'd turn lickety-split into a one-woman bystander!

I finally launch at 8:30am. I head upwind at first to shake off the hangers-on, then turn downwind toward East Cape and Flamingo. A farewell gift from the winds, we broad reach all the way to home!

At Flamingo I let Hazel and her contents dry on the lawn while I buy a hot shower at the marina. In the tiny shower stall I could swear that the marina is on a floating dock. When I close my eyes I see green swells coming toward me.

As I drive northward on the freeway tonight I find myself weaving. I have been steering upwind for most of the past 18 days, constantly feathering, making adjustments to keep Hazel on the wind as the breeze shifts and waxes and wanes and the waves try to push her off course. I must get used to going straight, following the lines. The expedition is over.

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Whew, it is over but it was a two coast thing. All the school systems with which we are associated had spring break at the same time, which is rare. I don't know why they usually stagger them, but my school teaching youngest son and his school teaching wife have never had the same week off until this year. Since she got a chance to go to Costa Rica for free with a school group, she was not able to participate in the melee, and our oldest son had to go to Chicago with his wife for a convention so they were unable to fight the good fight either.

All the children and the young son (actually 40 years old.... don't tell me anything about saying "65 years young" and crap like that... "senior citizens" phooey. That's ridiculous. Old is, dammit, old and we might as well face up to it. We are not going to "pass away" in the next step either. We are going to, dammit, die) were free as a bunch of birds because spring break cancelled out all their scheduled extracurricular activities.

Jane's brother's grandchildren from up in Atlanta had their spring break at the same time, too, so we hauled the whole crew all the way to the Atlantic coast of Georgia to their coast house for a brief visit. It was quite a contrast to our outfit on Dog's Island. For one thing, the Atlantic, though legendary for being a bad assed ocean, is very tame in the bight of Georgia. It is what oceanographers call a "low energy coastline" which means that it hardly ever gets very rough. The inclination of the bottom is so gradual that there isn't much surf. Over on our island the surf commonly breaks clear across the island in storms. Not only is the water shallow for a long way out over there, but the prevailing weather situation puts it in the lee of the peninsula of Florida. They used to say that the Georgia coast was "hurricane proof." Yeah, right. After Hugo blew Charleston to smithereens, they quit being quite so smug over there.

Hubris in the face of the wrath of God doesn't play too well in high-property-tax Republican enclaves like St. Simon's Island, Georgia. At the gates of the community where Jane's brother's house is there were two men scrutinizing all the incoming cars carefully. They were dressed exactly like Mormon missionaries and were very big and confident looking. I believe they were doing a little "profiling" and might have had their finger on the button to close the fancy wrought iron gate, which worked exactly like a cattle trap, when we pulled up in Jane's Kia but as soon as they saw that we were old peo-

## Spring Break

(During which the importance of logic and conventional wisdom is carefully examined.)

By Robb White

ple with little children they smiled politely and let us in and Wes with his four-door pickup truck absolutely full of children, too.

I was glad they didn't clamp us in the trap and give us al a bolus. Jane's brother and his whole family are the nicest kind of people and we know them well. Ed, Jane's brother, was a bad little joker when he was a boy. Now he is the friendliest banker in Atlanta and as such is one of the most successful. I think redheaded, freckled-faced bankers stand out amongst the competition for the best jobs. His two daughters used to come visit us and maraud amongst the alligators, snakes, and ticks when they were little and Ed's Atlanta grandchildren appeared to have the right stuff, too.

In the Atlantic beach picture the two little girls sitting in the muddy sand (St. Simons is at the mouth of the biggest and muddiest river in Georgia) in their matching party dresses and the cheerful looking little booger with the beach ball are Ed's and all the others are ours. A good time was had by all, I can tell you.

A word of advice about crossing south Georgia in an east/west direction is to stay off US 84. It is a dangerous death trap. Use State Road 122 from Thomasville through Lakeland to Waycross and then US 82 to Brunswick. There is a fine little dirt road for picnicking and possible outdoor bathroom and diaper changing needs on Moogie Lee Road just west of the little old community of Cogdell in the planted pine barrens. We let the three-year-old red-headed girl get away from us without any bitches on and I found out I can't run as fast as she can... had to go back and get Jane, and by then the baby was almost out of sight. Hope Moogie didn't see that.

As soon as we got back to the shop we loaded up for our coast... a week's worth... and headed out first thing the next morning. I was the last one out of the shop and took a glance at the weather radar and here came a hell of a cold front. They were talking about bad tornadoes in Mississippi and hail and flooding, but you know sometimes a man

just has to do what he has to do and throw logic to the wind. We rolled the old Rescue Minor off the trailer in 28 knots of sustained wind (gusting to 40). All these children know what that is so they crept into the lee of the boxes in their life preservers and we crept out of the river dead into a rough, rough passage to the island. We were the only boat on the bay.

About halfway across I felt something touching my feet in the bilge water and looked down to find our young Chinese grandson calmly bailing with a half-gallon Clorox jug cut just so for the duty. He is a good kid. I mean, he came from an orphanage in an industrial town up near the Korean border where he had lived from infancy until he was seven years old. He has a birth defect which left him with a little arm on the left side and no hand. His little arm is very useful to him and he is very skillful with it (can shoot a bow and arrow but has to pick the bow up off the ground after each shot) and is used to having it scrutinized by other children.

The most remarkable thing about him is that he came here not knowing a word of English and went to regular public school the very next day after he got off the plane and now, during his second year, he is reading on grade level and reads by himself for entertainment which is a sure sign of future success to my notion. Not only that but he can swim like a scombrid mackerel. That just goes to show you what a good man can do if he sets out to do it. He kept the Rescue Minor bailed out during a very rough crossing, which is a good thing because I found out that the automatic electric bilge pump was on the fritz when we got over there and I had to bust it open and clean all the guts of the "waterproof" switch and glue it back together with PVC pipe glue.

The children were gone as soon as they finished their unloading duties. All we could see from the house were crab nets and home-made spears sticking up above the sea oats heading in all directions, up and down both the seaside and bayside beaches. Fortunately the rain and tornadoes were still over there in Alabama and Mississippi and it didn't start raining until early the next morning so they got to stay out until dark.

It is amazing to me how many people over-supervise children. That's maybe why they turn out to be rebellious and contrary. If you nag and thwart them all the time without actually offering anything but nagging and thwarting, strong natured children will give



you a run for your money. I think it is best to give them a run for their freedom. If you do that, they'll bring home supper. We had crabs that first night and one of them was a great big softshelled Jimmy. Rosalie (10), the fastest runner, was volunteered to run with him in her hat the whole two miles back to the house

I boiled him and we shared him out by the "who shall have this?" method which I learned when I was a boy from the book *Men Against the Sea*, Charles Nordoff and James Norman Hall. The Bounty trilogy, along with the memoirs of Casanova, were very influential literature to me. The N.C. Wyeth illustration in *Pitcairn Island* called "He Looked Worse than Any Naked Savage" was my favorite picture until that one of Marilyn Monroe trying to keep her skirt down in the hot wind from the sidewalk grating attracted my attention.

Early the next morning the bottom fell out. I mean it rained a frog strangling 2" in the hour between 5:30am and 6:30am. Fortunately there was very little wind so the roof leaks weren't as bad as the rain outside, but we almost ran out of buckets and bowls and had to bail the little sailboat that hangs from the rafters twice before it was over. A bad storm in that house is an interesting thing. There is no attic so you can hear the rain on the corrugated asphalt roof (a French product called "Onduline"... very popular in the third world, now called "Ondura" in the U.S. because of some EPA superfund project I am told) very well and the intensity of the storm is obvious to all.

We don't have a TV or the internet over there to look at the weather so we have to rely on the asinine information droned out by the artificial voices of the National Weather Service on the weather radio for vicarious weather news. What nonsense. What good does it do to anybody to repeat over and over again that "a small craft advisory is in effect until 9pm Eastern Daylight Time" and all about every one of the rivers in the region being in a "flood advisory" state and about the dread dangers of "rip currents" and how to avoid them and all the pressure and temperature readings of 39 different checkpoints, half of them, "data was unavailable at this time" and all the rest with exactly the same pressure and temperature? Why don't they ever tell you where the durn front is before it is visible out the door of the house "at this time?"

The government could save a lot of money by leaving that nonsense in the much more capable hands of the private sector and pulling the plug on the artificial German and the adenoidal fake Midwesterner. I am going to go to WalMart and shell out \$39.95 for a Chinese TV. I'll have to get me some extra good rabbit ears, though. Reception ain't worth a flip on Dog's Island... maybe I'll join the mainstream and get a satellite dish. Hell, I could just run a wire over and bust into the hook-up box on the neighbor's dish... glue the plastic back with PVC pipe cement... but I probably wouldn't get anything but football games.

There were a few lulls through it all and the children discontinued their reading and chess and Scrabble playing and took off again. Do you know how to play chess and Scrabble in the presence of destructive babies? What you do is commence playing and when the baby comes along and scrambles the whole thing into a hopeless mess,

you just let her (no "he" babies anymore... yet) do it and, when she gets tired of rearranging the board to suit her ignorant notions, you just start back with everything where it wound up. Though playing like that flies in the face of conventional wisdom, it actually makes things more interesting. You can learn a lot of new moves and new words like that. I mean a horse in the very corner of the board is hard to extricate from a pile of pawns and it takes real verbal capability to work from the word "ZTNGVBL" when it is all banked up along the bottom of the board.



The day after the front passed was the same as always, windy and rough out of the NNE. It wasn't too cold but nobody wanted to crank up the old Rescue Minor and make any long range expeditions. High wind is no detriment to crabbing, however. I thought it was too cold for mullet (seawater temperature 68 degrees) but I saw an osprey and they only come when mullet are here, so I went trudging off down the beach with my cast net looking for a lee in hopes I could see some telltale sign in the muddy water.

They were in the marsh to the west but so were a bunch of children. There had been so much thrashing going on that it was hard to tell the water from the mud. I think the children were using the suffocation method of catching crabs. Some of them had made a little sailboat out of a very cute, fancy, shallow, elongated oval wood appetizer (probably croutons with a nub of cheese impaled by a toothpick with a little celluloid tassel) dish that had washed up from one of houses that went into the ocean during one of these hurricanes.

I don't understand why people will leave all their belongings in a house that they know is doomed. The worst navigational hazard on the seaside is a window unit air conditioner and the second worst is a TV set. A damned steel pipe vinyl bottomed kitchen chair is pretty bad, too, and a whole houseful of wall to wall carpet makes a long lasting lump. Busted lightbulbs and cocktail glasses and Smucker's jars (nothing second rate over here) will cut you to the bone.

Phooey on most seaside yuppie trash, but this crouton dish was made out of oil finished olive wood and was in very good sailing shape. It had cute little rattan wrapped handles on both ends that gave it an appropriate Oriental look. The children gnawed a hole with a piece of broken glass they found and stuck three pelican feathers up in it and, in the high wind, had that thing planing on a

side slipping reach down the bay almost as fast as they could run. I helped them rig a keel and rudder out of a cut-up beer can and then they could beat back upwind to make another run.

You know, at that I believe I better digress and give a little instruction about making working model sailboats. I am probably the most expert at one of the outer fringes of that. When Jane and I were on our honeymoon down at the old coast house there came a norther. It was January and it was rough. All we did for the whole week was to try to build a little model sailboat that would sail downwind out to sea and go to Yucatan. We tried almost everything before we learned the trick.

What you have to do is to modify your thinking and actually think. It is easy to make a little boat that will sail close hauled. That is simply a matter of balance which can be obtained by moving whatever it is you are using for a keel forward to make the boat pinch up or back so it'll reach. You can adjust it by bending the rudder or moving the sail rig, too. I am not talking about elaborate and beautiful "pond yachts" which sell for hundreds of dollars on eBay, I mean something carved out of a blackgum root or Styrofoam. A blackgum root is easy to find washed up on the beach around here and is most excellent for model boat purposes. Black gum (*Nyssa* sp.) has real soft, light wood in the swollen butt of the trunk of the tree and the roots are almost as light as the softest balsa. Tupelo trees (*Nyssa aquatica*) grow in river sloughs and along the banks of fast running rivers like the Ochlocknee and the Apalachicola and get washed out all the time and float out into the bay and wind up on the beach.

I discovered this wonderful resource when I was a little boy. You have to have a very sharp knife to cut blackgum roots but that was not beyond my capability and, if you do have a shaving sharp knife, the wood carves much better than styrofoam. I much prefer it and that's what Jane and I were using on our honeymoon 44 years ago this last January. We found out that there is a limit to how much you can make a model wear off downwind by moving the keel back and the sail forward. Even if the keel is in the place of the rudder and the mast is sticking up from the stemhead the little boat will bear up as soon as it gets going good.

Downwind progress is a cycle of bearing up and falling off sort of like when a boat is hove to but more radical. We finally figured out what was happening. With most of the lateral resistance of the hull very far aft of the center of effort of the sail, the boat would start off sailing downwind like logic would dictate but, as soon as it started going good, it would head up. Then when it slowed and spilled the wind, the bow would skate off sideways and the boat would sail downwind for a little while and pick up speed, bury the bow, head up again, and the cycle would repeat itself.

What we finally figured out was that when the boat was doing its best downwind the force of the sail pushed the bow down and that caused enough lateral resistance forward to make it haul up. That's why a real boat's weather helm increases when a little gust of breeze comes along, but a real man at the tiller can sometimes correct enough to keep the boat heading right but a fixed rudder made out of a little bent piece of tin ain't got sense enough to do that. Contrary to conven-



tional wisdom, the way to make a little boat sail directly downwind is to move the mast back to the stern. That way the thrust of the mast (or the pull of the sheet) won't be able to push the bow down (or lift the stern) so bad and the boat will sail steady.

Do you think I told those children that? Hell, no. It is not good to take children by the hand and pedantically explain every little thing and deprive them of the joy of discovery. It is the same way with danger. The world is a dangerous place and nobody can take care of you but yourself. If you need some artificial official to explain the dangers to you, you are in deep trouble. I mean, what the hell good does it do to have your momma run along behind you when you take your first solo ride on a bicycle hollering, "Don't fawll, Pauwl!?"

So, one might ask, why did I pedantically explain to all the gentle readers of this magazine how to make a model boat sail downwind? Y'all ain't children is why. You are adults and, as such, logic is so firmly entrenched in most of your psyches that you would be helpless if some baby was to scramble up your Scrabble or box your horse into a corner.

I almost forgot one boat related thing while I was wasting your time with yet another social abstraction, it takes a hell of a lot of work with a sharp knife and a mind freed from the restrictions of logic and conventional wisdom to build a little boat that will sail downwind half as well as a vinyl inner tube or a celluloid ping pong ball.

The weather let up and we were all able to go fishing. The children started out with their fishing poles but the attraction of the directness of catching crabs with a hand net was too strong. I think predation is as firmly entrenched in the nature of children as conventional wisdom is in the nature of adults,

so I had to do all the fishing and it was tough. Though the water was muddy from the storms it would be easy meat with the cast net because the wily mullet couldn't see me. I had to find them and, though the ospreys and I were both looking hard, they were pretty scarce. I ran the Rescue Minor all over the place and made so many blind throws that I like to have slung my arm out of joint before I caught a few.

I found out that five good-sized (14") spring mullet and one pinfish will not feed six children who have built up an appetite by flailing the water into froth all day long with crab nets and chasing fast sailing crouton dishes. They gnawed those mullet and that pinfish down to the bare Sylvester the Cat backbone and would have starved if they hadn't caught all those crabs. It was back to the essentials and that was good. They ate three dozen eggs and about 20 pounds of fruit and half a bushel of pole beans before the break was over. They drank two gallons of milk, too, and all the bread and the chips and crap were gone the first day. I saw one baby pick what I thought was the last Froot Loop off the bottom of her foot and eat it.

On the last morning just before we loaded up and left, we had Hurricane Cake. My generous sister had baked it up and sent it down when we were waiting out some hurricane a long time ago. We never thought an occasion was serious enough to thaw it out (we have a miniature chest style freezer which is the only thing we have found which can withstand the prolonged power outages that are so common over here) so the cake has languished for at least six hurricanes and might have been a little sticky and gummy by the time its time came. They gobbled it up for breakfast and it fortified them for the crossing which was in a dead calm.

It was sort of lonesome for Jane and me when we got back. Fortunately, in the middle of the night I discovered a sandy Froot Loop stuck to the bottom of my foot and ate it with great satisfaction and strong nostalgia.

### Hurricane Cake

Barbara White Recipe

2 pounds plums (any variety) or 7 small to medium-sized apples or maybe something else

1/2 cup butter, softened (do I need to tell you what she means by "butter?" RW)

1 cup sugar

2 large eggs, room temperature

1 teaspoon Watkins Products vanilla extract (do not substitute)

2 cups all-purpose flour, measured after sifting

3 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 cup whole milk

Powdered sugar

Cut the plums in half or peel the apples and slice them thinly. Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually while you whip it up. Add the eggs one at a time, beat well while you add the vanilla. Sift the flour and baking powder together and gradually beat into the creamed batter, alternating with milk. Put the batter into a greased pan and arrange the plums or apples (or pineapples or fresh peaches) on top. Bake in a preheated 375 degree oven until it is done, then sprinkle with powdered sugar. Warn any children that it is still hot.

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Today they hauled me up the mast. Slightly more humane than keelhauling and fewer fish to contend with. Merely a short ride in a bosun's chair to replace the topping lift on the mainmast of an old Alden Challenger. They strap me into a canvas harness and haul me aloft by means of the main halyard, my grinning mates tailing said halyard from a winch while regaling me with a description of the last fellow they sent aloft and how they dropped him and how long it took them to scrub the deck afterwards. Witty lads, these.

Halfway up I encounter the spreaders and have to holler down to slow up a bit as my knees are just a bit jammed. They ease me over the spreaders and I catch hold of the shrouds to keep myself from spinning about. There, that wasn't too bad. Now I'm nearly there and my ears are about to get tangled in the rigging. Now I'm two-blocked, the swivel of the bosun's chair is tight against the halyard sheave. End of the line. Top floor. Gents' haberdashery to your left, toiletries to your right. Watch your step, please.

Someone is hollering from below. What are they doing away down there when it's so balmy and relaxing up here? What a magnificent view of the harbor. Look at all those pretty little boats. Look, there's mine, over there. Yes, yes, I am working. Oh. Lower the line in my sack so they can affix the new topping lift. They must think I've actually escaped from the gravitational field of the earth only in order to amuse them. Oh, well.

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman



Down goes my lanyard. I remove pliers from my built-in kit bag and try to straighten the cotter pin securing the clevis pin which in turn secures the sheave around which the new topping lift will be passed. Someone, in their infinite wisdom, has already swaged a stainless steel eye at each end of the new topping lift that will not pass through the block. Therefore, the sheave must be removed. The clevis pin revolves gaily and the block swivels away as I fight to straighten out the legs of the cotter pin. It seems I must employ two pair of pliers. I clamp my legs around the mast and hope not to drop any tools. It's a long reach to retrieve them.

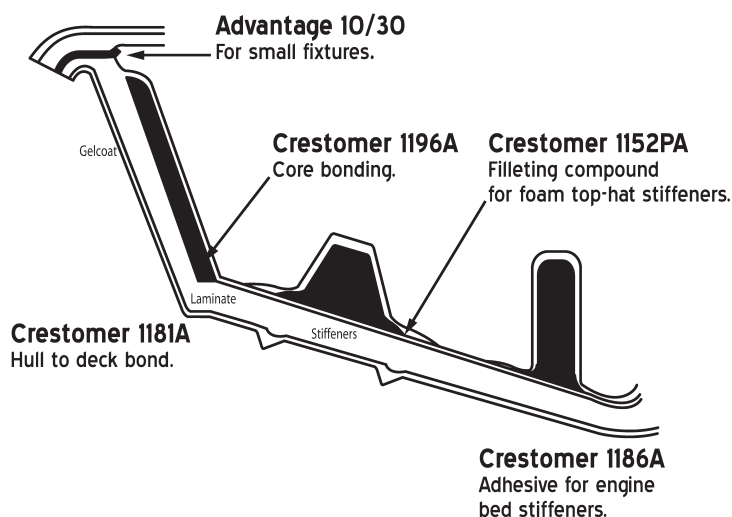
The crew below has wisely retreated out of harm's way. Two pair of pliers are almost more trouble than one. The backstay, just behind me, hampers shoulder movement

considerably and all four slings of the bosun's chair are directly in my way. I'm working above my head and the reach is tiring. The cotter pin giggles as it spins out of my grip for the forty-second time. Got you, you little... Replace the pliers, remove the clevis pin, remove the sheave, stow all in my kit bag and haul up the new topping lift, hold it in my teeth while I untie the lanyard which I then proceed to coil, secure, and stow in my sack. Do you guys think you could refrain from rocking the boat quite so much? Thanks.

What? Yes, it was lots of fun. Some people's children. Now wrap the topping lift around the sheave, insert the sheave in the clevis and hold it perfectly aligned while replacing the clevis pin (this requires merely three hands and some choice nautical expletives), and then insert a new cotter pin. Again employ two pair of pliers to spread and double back the legs. Simple. Only half an hour to accomplish three minutes' work. Can't understand the boss's reluctance to use rings instead of cotter pins.

Okay, guys, I'm ready to descend. Do what? Straighten the wind indicator. No problem. Except that I can't quite reach it. What? No, it wouldn't help if I stood up. But maybe with this long adjustable wrench... There. Nearly perfect. I'm ready to come down. Say again? Okay. Please? What? Yes, I'm quite comfortable. Hey, guys, where you going? Wuddaya mean you're shovin' off? It's only three o'clock. Hey! Hey, guys...

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Chesapeake Light Craft (an *MAIB* advertiser) offers a truly nifty 15' kit boat called the Skerry, which I first discovered in *MAIB*. I built mine during the spring of 2004 and took about five months to complete her, although you may be able to do it a lot faster if that's important to you. Because I wanted to build and sometimes store the boat in my Chicago high-rise apartment, I had to modify the construction method to ensure that I could get the completed boat down on a freight elevator that is 90" high, 75" deep, and 55" wide.

After talking at length with John Harris of CLC (Skerry's designer), I decided to give it a go. John was most helpful and encouraging. The resulting plan was to build the boat in one piece with an extra midships bulkhead frame and then to saw the boat in half to fit on the elevator. Both the forward and the after hull sections were to have their own bulkhead frame at the connection point. Rejoining the hull sections would be done with 1/4" stainless steel bolts. A 1/16" thick sheet neoprene gasket (glued to the after hull frame) would assure a watertight seal. This I had done successfully with a previous take-apart boat I designed and built in 1998.

John arranged to have some special midships frames made for my kit at the CLC factory in Annapolis. The standard Skerry kit comes with one 3/8" plywood frame amidships (plus one forward and one aft frame). The bottom panel and the hull planks attach to these frames using the stitch-and-glue

## Building the CLC Skerry

(Take-Apart Version)

By Bob Hansen

method. On the standard kit the midships frame comes with an oval cutout and two semi-circular drain holes along the bottom edge. On my take-apart version these cutouts had to be eliminated to ensure structural and watertight integrity. I also decided to double up the thickness of my two midships frames so that each hull section would have a 3/4" frame for added strength. See the diagram of the midships frame.

The next part took a little forethought before starting the hull assembly. At cut-apart time I would need a 1/16" gap between the two midships frames to receive my cross-cut saw blade. I accomplished this by gluing several dozen small sacrificial neoprene spacer chips with rubber cement. I then lined up the two doubled frames exactly, clamped them, and proceeded to drill 18 1/4" holes around the perimeter of this frame assembly. During hull assembly I held the two frames together with the stainless bolts that would ultimately hold the two hull sections together. Obviously these would have to be removed at cut-apart time.

A small but important quirk in the take-apart version has to do with the daggerboard trunk assembly. On the standard version there is a 3/8" wide "tooth" on the after edge of the trunk. This tooth inserts into the oval cutout mentioned earlier on the midships frame. As there is no oval cutout on the takeapart version, this tooth has to be cut away for everything to line up correctly. Failure to remove this tooth would force the trunk to be positioned 3/8" too far forward. This all becomes very clear when you see the illustrated instruction book that comes with the kit.

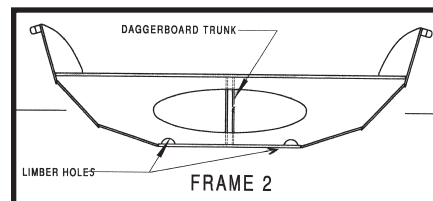


Diagram of standard boat midships frame.

Another point on the take-apart version: The midships seat on the standard boat installs as one piece, attached to the tops of the midships frame and daggerboard trunk. On the take-apart boat this seat ends up as two pieces, one for each hull section. I decided to install the two pieces after cutting the hull apart. The forward seat section goes in nicely and is well supported atop the dagger-



Hull panels scarfed together and pre-coated with epoxy.

Two midships frames bolted together.



Wire stitching hull panels.



board trunk. The after seat section needs some gussets underneath for added support.

The actual cutting apart was done on Good Friday 2004 and went surprisingly well, much to my relief. I had allowed plenty of time for all the epoxy glue joints to harden thoroughly and, of course, the laminated rub rails had also been installed which added further rigidity to the hull. It only took about 20 minutes of hand sawing to do the deed. No surprises, no problems.

If you do decide to build the Skerry (either standard or the take-apart boat), I offer the following ideas and tips that may help you.

Unpack the kit very carefully to avoid damaging the very thin edges of the pre-cut scarf joints. Inventory all of the pieces against the plan sheets and instruction book.

Before starting anything read the 125 page instruction manual at least twice, highlighting anything that isn't perfectly clear. Resolve any and all questions with the CLC technical support staff in Annapolis. They are really very helpful.

When gluing up the scarf joints on the bottom panel and the hull plank panels, follow the furnished plan sheets carefully. The various dimensions given are critically important.

I recommend "pre-coating" all of the wood surfaces with three coats of clear, unthickened epoxy resin before starting any assembly. Use the "roll and tip" method,

sanding between coats and after the third coat. Actually, I should say do your pre-coating after completing the scarf joints on the hull and bottom panels. It's much easier to get a smooth, even coat of epoxy on a flat, horizontal surface than to do it later when the surfaces are far less accessible and the epoxy resin wants to run, sag and drip. Imperfections in the epoxied surfaces are hard to sand smooth.

If you are going to use any wood stain, do this before laying on epoxy. Test for compatibility between the stain and epoxy on some scrap wood or under the seat panels. Allow several days or longer to let the stain dry before trying the epoxy or you could end up getting "fish-eyes" (bubbles) in the finish. I used a water-based stain from Target Coatings in New Jersey at (800) 752-9922 with good results.

If you are going to varnish the outside of your hull, as I did, pay special attention to the "gains" as explained in the instruction manual. If you screw these up you'll probably end up painting the outside of the hull. The gains are where the lapstrake planks come together at the bow and stern. The kit requires you to do some very careful shaping, probably with a rabbet plane. I actually did the gains using fences clamped carefully in place, and I cut the gains with a hammer and sharp flat wood chisel followed by a flat wood rasp and then some block sanding. Although very slow going, this technique

worked out very well. It took me almost three full days just on the gains. The trick is patience, along with a sharp chisel and a very light touch on the hammer.

A general word of advice on building the Skerry: Take your sweet time! Slow yourself way down and enjoy the journey. Amateur boat building, just like romance, fine food and wine, and beautiful music are meant to be savored, not rushed. Deadlines are almost always counter-productive. Learn when to knock off working and don't work on the boat when you're tired, frustrated, hungry, or pre-occupied. You'll only add to the number of mistakes. And mistakes you will make. Remember that the real genius and artistry of boat building is recovering from your blunders. And if you can't fix your mistakes, learn how to cover them up, or lie about them, or both. Never volunteer to point out your mistakes. After all, you really intended to do it that way, for reasons that are very, very technical.

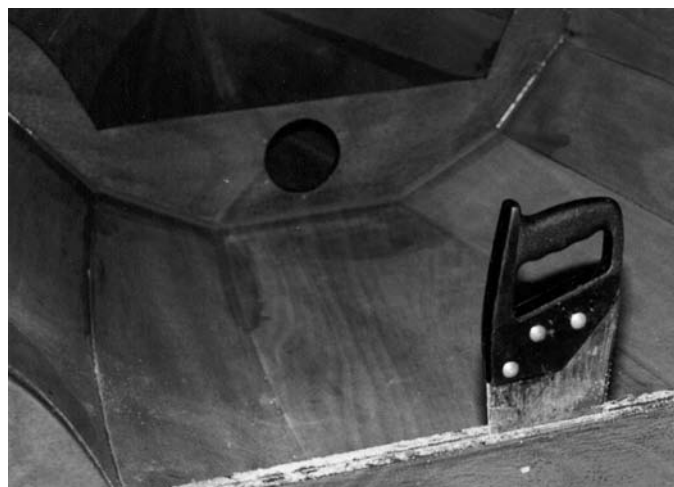
On the rub rails I decided to use northern white ash instead of the mahogany strips supplied with the kit. I think they look better than the mahogany and were easier to apply, being more pliable than mahogany. The ash rails closely match the color of the mast, boom, sprit, and tiller and they really set off the natural okoume plywood on the hull.

As for performance, the Skerry rows quite well and it sails much better than I had expected. The hull is light, rigid, and very



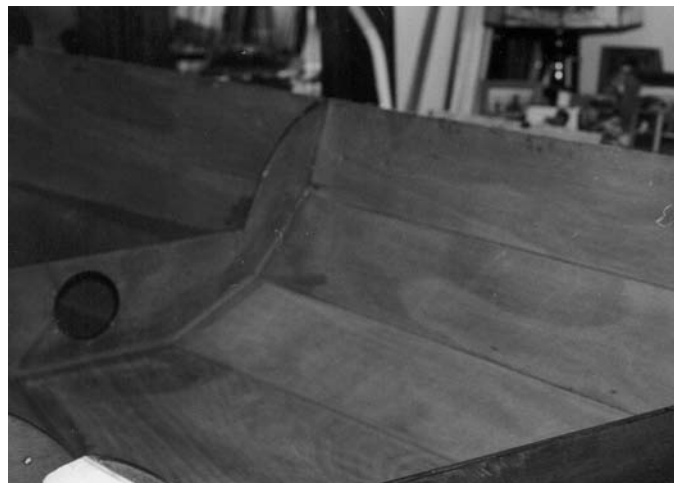
Hull panels and frames completely stitched together before flipping over and gluing seams.

Hull seams glued and wires removed.



Cut-apart day.

So far so good.





buoyant. You will stay surprisingly dry even in a chop. The sealed flotation chambers fore and aft are very comforting in case she gets swamped, although I suspect that it will take an awful lot of bailing if I do flip her and fill her up. The sprit sailing rig looks charmingly old fashioned, which it is, but it is remarkably efficient and picturesque. The Ulmer-Kolius sail from CLC is well made and heavy enough to be durable.

In any kind of breeze I can point up to about 45 degrees off the wind. On a fresh reach she really scoots. The "push-pull" tiller rod works very well and I now prefer it to a conventional tiller and hiking stick. In light to medium wind Skerry balances very well. In a fresher breeze upwind there is a noticeable but manageable weather helm, probably due to mast bend aft. I may experiment with a headstay to limit this bend.

I have named my boat *Vinland* after the place discovered and named by Leif Eriksson during his visit to North America over 1,000 years ago. The Skerry is very similar to the Norwegian "faering" boats and indeed the reference to a "skerry" appears in the Icelandic Saga of the Greenlanders, which describes Eriksson's voyage to the new world.

In conclusion, I am completely happy with my Skerry and would like to thank CLC for their assistance during the time when I was building her. She is a classic, functional beauty and I get loads and loads of completely unsolicited compliments from young and old, men and women alike. Not everyone fully appreciates the take-apart feature, but I



Bow section after seat installation.

assure you that I have had no leakage at all, nor even a hint of any structural failure. The materials from CLC are first rate and the precision of the pre-cut parts is exceptional. If any of you fellow messers have any ques-



Stern section.

tions you can reach me in Chicago at (773) 549-7911. In the meantime, call CLC for their catalog or check their web-site mentioned in their ad herein..



Back together again. Note beautiful okoume wood grain.

Son Charley rowing.



Rigged and ready to go.

Scootin' right along.



A proper shop is a place where one can work safely and efficiently, where the right tool is close at hand, and in which there are dedicated spaces for different tasks. Someday I hope to work in such a shop.

Don't get me wrong. My shop has much to recommend it. First and foremost, it is not in my wife's garage. I don't have to compete with clean laundry or parking the car. Second, my shop is not in my backyard. Grass grows, vegetable boxes produce vegetables, and snails produce snails. Third, my shop is in a location separate from my home. I have to put on real daytime clothes to go there. Finally, my shop is a dedicated indoor space that is out of the rain so I can work most of the year.

However, my shop is also small and dingy. It is cold in the winter and hot in the summer. I am forever tripping over tools and scraps and constructions that are stored under the boat and dust is simply a part of my world that cannot be changed. I have to plan my work carefully because I cannot cut wood when it's raining, I can't paint when it's too hot or too cold and at certain times of the year I must keep a weather eye peeled for the flocks of seagulls that are always looking for an opportunity to damage my freshly painted surfaces.

So what makes a proper shop? Glad you asked.

The most important feature of any shop is light. I don't care what other tools you have, if you can't see what you are doing it doesn't matter how much you paid for your fancy router/chisel combo tool. I'm not talking about 5,000 watts of halogen floodlights that can be used to bake the enamel right off the boat along with all the spiders within a 200 meter radius. No, I'm talking about light that gives a true representation of the colors and textures and finishes that that will appear on the boat when it is outside, in the water, and in the environment in which it will be viewed and used.

I don't have light like that in my shop. I have a roll-up door at one end and a hole that I cut in the back wall at the other. I have two fluorescent shop lights that flicker incessantly and a couple of flashlights for illuminating the dark spaces of the bilge. In my shop, one side of the boat is shrouded in perpetual shadow. I can't see imperfections in the finish and I have become accustomed to seeing the boat for the first time when I roll it out of the shop on its trailer. Over time I have learned to work by feel, but it would all be easier if I could see what I was doing.

By far the best shop light I've seen is in the Pineapple Sails loft in Alameda, California. They have a combination of skylights, halogen lights, and fluorescent lights which can be operated to create whatever light one wants. There are no shadows so it is possible to work all around the work piece. All of this contributes to efficiency and makes it possible to do the job right from the start.

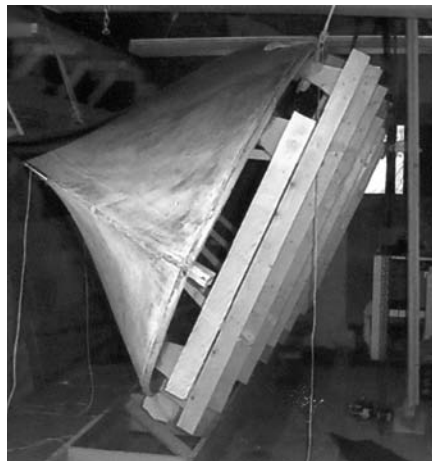
My shop is 18'x13'. So the 16'x 6.5' motor skiff I am building right now pretty much takes up all of the space. Along one side of the shop I have a small workbench in the corner, a metal cabinet for storing paints and thinners over the bench, a metal cabinet for storing tools at the other end of the wall, and a space large enough to set up a small folding table in the middle. Along the other side I store lumber on shelves made just for that purpose.

## A Proper Shop

By John Tuma



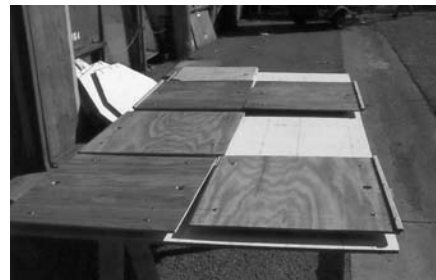
The Pineapple Sails loft in Alameda, California. Great light even on a cloudy day.



This is pretty much the whole shop. You can see the metal storage cabinet on the right and part of the workbench behind it. Lumber is stored on the racks along the left wall and the boat gets built in the middle. I used a one-ton chain hoist to roll the boat in place, along with blocks and tackles fore and aft to stabilize it. The stud to the right of the boat is temporary to strengthen the rafter during the rolling operation.

When it isn't raining and when the seagulls are not in dive bomber formation, I set up a large table outside (4'x8' 1/2" plywood set on two sawhorses). A table like this is a great luxury because it is possible to take on a large task or several small tasks all at one time. This table is not a workbench. It should not have a vise attached and it should be thin

enough around the edges that spring clamps can be used to hold work pieces down quickly. There should be working space all around the table (at least 4'). I find that it also helps if the table is modular so that it can be taken apart for storage, and consumable so that the table top can be easily replaced after it gets seriously damaged.



A large table is a great luxury. Here I can finish all five floorboards for the boat at one time.

While the large table is a luxury, a workbench is essential. The workbench should be very strong and should have a vise firmly attached to it. I use my workbench for fabricating small pieces and laying out tools. It is fit into a corner in an L shape, with the short leg of the L dedicated to epoxy and paint. The workbench is the only permanently available flat space in the shop and it is forever getting cluttered with all manner of things such as coffee cups, lunch bags, small scraps of wood, and pieces of sandpaper. The only electrical outlet I have in the shop is over the workbench, so this space is also devoted to the radio, the battery charger, and the extension cords. I used to have a coffee pot, too, but wood-flour flavored coffee isn't my favorite so now I just bring an insulated mug from home.

I have no space to work inside the shop unless the pieces are small or part of the boat. The small space means that I am always moving things around to create the space that I need to work. I spend 10 to 15 minutes every morning setting the tables up and the same in the evening putting everything away. That's a half hour every day that I could be working if the shop space was bigger. Considering that I have been working on this one boat for about 15 months now, that half hour a day probably adds up to close to 80 hours, or about 1/10 of the time that I have been working on this particular boat.

I get a bit grumpy about the cramped quarters from time to time, especially when it's raining, but I did this to myself. I built a boat with similar dimensions in this shop once before and I swore I would never try to build such a large boat there again. Alas, the allure of the curvaceous hull was too much for me and I succumbed to the siren's song. This time I've learned my lesson. I swear I won't try to build such a large boat again.

I mill a lot of my own lumber from rough cut stock that I get from the sawyer, mostly because I'm cheap and custom milled lumber is expensive. I use a circular saw with a good thin kerf blade. My ripping table is a 16' fir 2"x6", which is bolted to a pair of sawhorses.

I clamp the stock to the table and use the ripping fence attachment for the circular saw as a guide. This method is surprisingly accurate, although it is slow. It is certainly more accurate than using a table or band saw for



long boards, unless you have a 30' long table with the saw in the middle, and it's a heck of a lot safer, too. A table saw is a really dangerous tool, a fraction of a second's inattention and you've just split your finger (or cut it off all together).



The ripping table. Ripping all the lumber for this boat, approximately 170bf, took about 12 hours.

That said, if I had room for one shop tool it would be a table saw. Dangerous as it is, there is no other tool that can be used to fabricate small pieces as quickly and accurately as a table saw, although a band saw comes close. I do have a portable table saw but it is usually stored on top the metal tool cabinet (tied to the wall, since this is earthquake country). I try to save up my table saw tasks so that I only have to set it up once in a while (15 minutes to set up, 15 to put it away), but this isn't always very efficient. If I have just a couple of pieces to cut I use my Japanese pull saw.

Once my lumber is milled, I use a bench plane to finish it to size. The bench plane is slow, but for as long as I can remember I have had a fascination with watching the little shavings spin out of the plane. I am easily entertained. Every once in a while I'll get a perfect shaving, a long translucent strip with the grain clearly defined. It's a heady moment. I'd trade that moment for a thickness planer, but I haven't got one nor do I have a place to store one, and I don't have the long tables or rollers to support the stock on either side. So I console myself with little shavings and the knowledge that all that planing means I won't have to go to the gym.



Thickness planer. That's a Craftsman bench plane with a 70-year-old blade. The blade that came with the plane would not hold an edge, but the old blade takes a sharp edge and keeps it.

While I do have a preference for hand tools, and especially any tool that spares me the burden of wearing a respirator, I do have a few power tools. I use a jig saw for cutting out frames and molds and (with all due respect to Robb White) I use a router with a laminate bit for trimming molds and decks. I

use a palm sander on occasion but the belt sander (4"x24") is really useful for shaping and smoothing small pieces. I clamp the belt sander into a vice with the belt side up and I shape the work pieces by hand on the belt.

Most of my sanding I do by hand. I used to use a variety of power sanders to finish the outside of the hull, but I found that a long-board with a cloth sanding belt is just as fast and it does a better job, at least on a round-bilge hull. Plus, you sand an entire hull by hand and you don't have to go to the gym.



Fairing boards. Great whole body workout.

A proper shop must be kept clean and a vacuum cleaner is the right tool for the job. I have a small vacuum with a 12' hose that I use to clean up the boat, the work pieces, the tables, and the other tools. I have a larger canister vacuum that I use to keep the floors clean and the spider webs out of the rafters. I wear a respirator whenever I vacuum because the filters and seals in the vacuum aren't all that good and the exhaust from the vacuum motor stirs up quite a bit of dust.

My most frequently used tools are my drills. About half of boatbuilding, by weight and by volume, involves drilling holes and filling them. You have to have good drills. I have two Makita 9.6 volt variable speed cordless drills, a Makita variable speed cordless right angle drill, and a 27-year-old Craftsman electric drill (the very first tool I ever owned). For long bores I use a brace, which I inherited from my grandfather, along with a variety of long drill bits that range in size up to a 1" bore and 36" in length. Hole saws are very useful and I have a whole set from 1"-4" in diameter. My little Craftsman drill kind of lugs and gurgles when it is pushing the 3" or 4" hole saw, but I haven't quite killed it yet.

A proper shop needs good ventilation. I get my ventilation from the roll-up door and the hole I cut into the back wall as well as all the holes in the plywood walls. My shop is oriented so that winds from the west and the north blow through the hole in the back wall and wind from the south blows in through the roll-up door. We rarely get wind from the east. When it's windy, and it's usually only windy in the spring, summer, and fall and in the winter when a storm is blowing through, my shop has the feel of a wind tunnel.

There are advantages to gale force ventilation but clean finishes are not one of them. I clean the finish room by meticulously vacuuming the floors, the walls, the plywood stored along the walls, the wood scraps stored in buckets along the walls and under the boat, the shelves, the tables, and so on. It is amazing how many reservoirs of dust are created in the sawing and sanding stages of the building process, and it is equally amazing how much of the dust only becomes airborne with the final coat of topcoat.

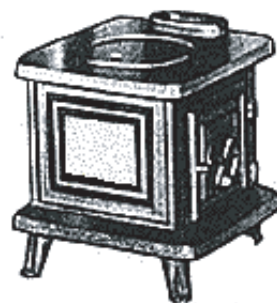
Likewise, it is curious how the bugs know when it is the final coat of paint. Great swarms will hover harmlessly over the painted boat, never lighting until the final coat, at which point they will gleefully assault the finish and roll around in the new paint until it looks like non-skid. How do they know?

Anyway, the characteristics of my shop mean that I have to paint early in the day and then close the shop up so that the winds of afternoon will not stir up the dust and damage the paint. This means I can only work a short day. I work a lot of short days, too. I often run out of space before I run out of time. It isn't efficient and it's not proper. But as a result I do know what a proper shop looks like. My shop doesn't fit that mold but at least I have to put on real daytime clothes to go there.



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Using a wooden compass to draw circles for sheaves.



Wooden sheave and pieces for aluminum block. Axle at lower left is an expensive piece of stainless steel tubing. The piece of tube above it is a cheap piece of 1/2" steel electrical conduit.

Two older, heavily used blocks. The one on the left has a micarta sheave. The one on the right has a galvanized iron sheave.



## Home Built Blocks

By Mark White

Over 30 years ago I wrote an article about building blocks that appeared in *National Fisherman*. I had worked in a ship repair yard in Alaska in the early '70s and noticed that even the brand new blocks that appeared in vessel rigging were of antiquated design. They had fairly high friction and hardwood cheeks that rotted quickly in the rain and split badly in the sun. Their biggest design flaw was that the axle was simply a section of rough, unpolished, hot rolled steel round bar that slipped into holes in flimsy steel strapping, held there with a penny-sized piece of cheap tin and two tiny brads. The tin often rusted away in the salt air, allowing the pin to slip off one side of the metal strapping. Under a heavy load such blocks have been known to split, catastrophically failing and causing injuries.

I designed better blocks, using plywood cheeks soaked for months in linseed oil. Instead of cheap hot rolled pins I used stainless steel bolts for axles with a nut on one side of the block and the bolt head on the other. I doubled the size of the steel strapping, which added considerably to the ultimate tensile strength. Shackles were fastened to through bolts as well, making blocks that wouldn't come apart and fail under any normal load. Sheaves (pronounced shivs, a prehistoric Germanic word meaning grooved "discs, or slices of bread") were fashioned from 3/4" and 1" thick Micarta, salvaged from old industrial electrical panels. I also used hardwood or 3/4" black polyethylene chafing material pulled off of old pilings and dock guards.

The wooden sheaves were stacked in a can of molten paraffin (old, discarded candle stubs from a church or canning wax) inside a pan of hot water and allowed to simmer there for an hour or two in the hope that some of that paraffin would remain embedded in the wood to protect it from the ravages of sun and rain. Many church candles have a lot of beeswax in them and that wax seems to hang around longer.

Separators between the cheeks were fashioned from 1/8" and 1/4" galvanized water pipe, cut to length with a well-oiled pipe cutter. A good smack with a heavy hammer on each end of the short sections of pipe (on an anvil) flattened the burrs out, allowing the separators to sit flat against the wooden cheeks. These were through-bolted in place with 1/4" carriage bolts. The blocks were oiled with hypoid gear lube and used hard on vessels. They were also used hard in light construction as part of a lift system that hauled lumber and materials to upper floors and roofs. I never had one of my blocks fail. They have served me reliably and well for many years.

About ten years ago I spent a brief period of time on the 400' Russian square-rigged, steel sailing vessel, *Palada*, and looked carefully at their blocks. Both the cheeks and sheaves of those hundreds of blocks were made of pressed stainless steel sheet metal. While I really like the look of wood, I realize that the lovely golden glow of varnished wood is fleeting at best and that other materials hold up a lot better in sun and rain. In subsequent years I have been making lighter, smaller block cheeks out of 1/16"

through 1/4" thick aluminum plate. For fairly small blocks one can get crumpled or shot-up aluminum street signs from almost any city or county highway department just for the asking.

For cheeks, I make a small pattern from a piece of heavy paper, folded so I can get a centerline, and cut a symmetrical outline with a pair of scissors. I then trace that outline onto a piece of Kydex or thin cardboard for a permanent pattern. I can then draw outlines on wood or metal, drill appropriate holes on a press (in matched pairs, with two or more pieces clamped together), and then cut the shapes out on a bandsaw using a fairly narrow, tired, old blade. A small scroll saw can also be used for the cutting on thin metal. A bit of wax on the blade helps to prevent the aluminum from smearing and sticking. Edges can be filed or ground smooth and fair on a disc sander.

A typical cheap, cast iron awning pulley has better lines and is visually more attractive but will often jam or pull or tangle the line because the cheeks do not overlap the sheave on each side. While some cast metal block housings do look very elegant, if they do not have the required overlap that serves to keep the moving line in place they will be an abomination to use on a vessel. On some of the blocks I have made I used two or four rivets around the sides of the sheaves (through the cheeks) to keep the line loosely in place. This makes the cheeks larger in size and less attractive, but keeps the line where it should stay instead of tangling up. Some will weld small tabs between the cheeks on the outside for this same purpose. This would be especially important for a block used underwater at the outboard end of a running line used to tether a skiff in open water.

Unfortunately, I have known a few individuals who were not intelligent enough to realize that line should be run **INSIDE** the rivets or tabs, around the sheave. Instead they ran the line around the **OUTSIDE** of the rivets or tabs on the sides of the blocks and that did not work at all. This has happened on multiple occasions so apparently even such a simple thing as a block cannot be made totally idiot-proof.

Sheaves can be fashioned from hardwood and bushed with porous bronze bearings, or not, depending on the load and use. Those made for this article were made from a scrap of black walnut, but elm, oak, osage, beech, eucalyptus, and hickory are woods that also work. Osage orange, ironbark, mesquite, and white oak are pretty hard woods that have oil in them and this will aid in natural lubricity. I have found that simple paddle bits (also called spade or Speed Bore bits) work well for drilling the center holes, as long as the holes in the sheaves are sized in even increments to match the proposed axle. The holes should be a little loose so swelling of the sheave won't affect movement. I use a drill press for the drilling so that holes are square with the sheaves. White polyethylene plastic, used for cutting boards, also works well for sheave material. A real or makeshift lathe is useful for turning the grooves in sheaves. A bolt in the center of the sheave can be chucked in a metal lathe (or a drill press) so that the blank can be turned. The profile of the line can be ground into the blade of an old screwdriver or a dull file for a cutting tool. Those who are clever might be able to use an appropriate bit in a router to cut a groove if a lathe wasn't available.



In coastal communities one will often find broken and discarded blocks in dumpsters, with the only good thing being the cast galvanized iron sheave with or without a bronze bushing in the center. Of course, the sheave is the hardest part to make and such things are a real find for me. Even if the center bearing is worn out, the remains can be driven or bored out and replaced with another tube or sleeve of porous bronze.

The only place where a block with metal cheeks shouldn't be used is on a jib sheet, where it could flail around and bang up the deck. In such a situation a block made with rounded wooden or plastic cheeks might be better. Scale is important and one can make one's own blocks to any size required for the line and the load.

Today I make block cheeks out of scrap aluminum plate (6061-T6 is the most common and least expensive). The design I currently use is similar to one that Herreshoff used on the yachts he designed in the 1800s, although he used bronze plate then instead of aluminum. If aluminum was as common then as it is now I am sure he would have used it for a considerable saving in weight. I now use smaller diameter through-bolts, and since I currently have ready access to a metal lathe I either use a hollow axle made from shiny 5/8" stainless steel tubing or I turn a bit of a shoulder on both ends of a piece of solid rod and rivet the ends over with a small hammer. Aluminum cheeks have enough tensile strength that they do not require the metal strapping on the sides that wood might.

If you use wooden sheaves it would be better to bolt a hollow axle in place so the sheaves can be changed if they wobble out or split. An older friend used to make roller bearings for his blocks, using short sections of 3/16" brass rod that turned around a piece of fixed shafting. They worked, but not any better than a plain, oiled, porous bronze bearing as far as I could tell. Another plan for an axle would be to bore and thread both ends internally and to use flat or oval-headed machine screws to hold the cheeks to the axle ends. The thin screw heads would be less likely to scratch finely varnished wood. Rivets usually make a slicker, thinner and cheaper job, but they don't allow ready removal and part replacement. That reminds me of the clowns who cast water and heating pipes permanently into concrete walls and floors. It's faster and cheaper and easier at the time, but the penalty is severe when the inevitable freezing and leaks occur. And, of course, by then the contractor is long gone.

As kids all we ever had around were square-headed bolts and it was a revelation to me when hex headed bolts finally came along. The square heads were easier to turn with a crescent wrench. We had a bit of learning to do when hex heads finally supplanted the square heads and we had to buy different sockets. It now looks like hex heads are here to stay. I still have some square-headed bolts around and enjoy it when folks see but do not understand them. It used to be a standing joke in coastal Alaska about how much a haircut cost in Norway and Iceland. Four bucks, a dollar a side. When we got diesel marine engines from Norway they came in crates held together with square-headed nails, even into the 1990s. So square heads are still a time-honored tradition in the northern parts of our world.

The rule on lubricated bearings is that the axle should be harder and a little longer

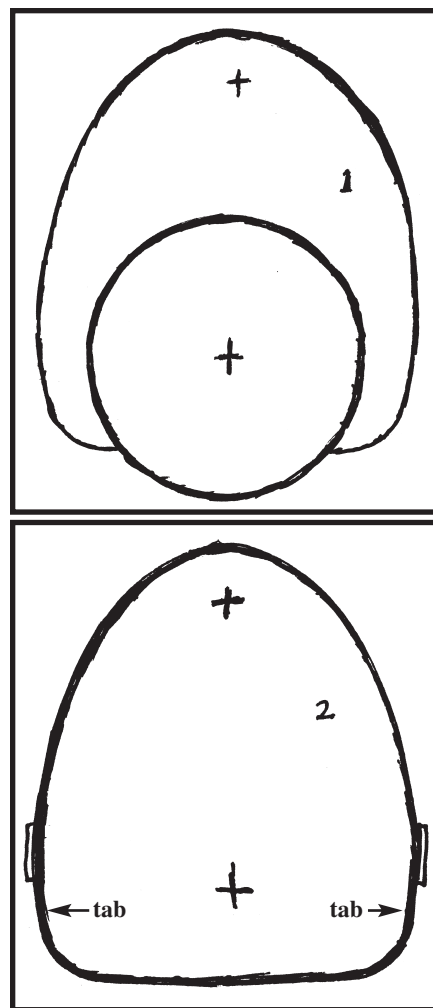
than the thickness of the sheave that spins on it. The fact that an axle is tightly pinched between metal cheeks by a through-bolt keeps that axle from turning and galling the side metal instead forcing the sheave to turn around it. Some unlubricated metal sheaves have been known to rust or fuse fast to their axles. Under a load the axles turned in the metal straps on each side and it didn't take long before some sort of nasty failure resulted. Stainless steel rod or tubing is difficult to cut but it wears well and is fairly resistant to corrosion. Broken or stripped outboard shafts are a good source for stainless steel axle material. Porous bronze tubing or collared bronze inserts are proven materials for low rpm, high pressure bearings. These inserts are available from MSC, Enco, or a number of other U.S. suppliers at a fair price. Porous bronze should be lubricated on occasion since even the best of the oils eventually dry out. Gear lube still works pretty good but it takes a long snout on an oil can to get it to where it needs to be. Linen micarta is still an excellent (but toxic to work) material for sheaves, when it can be found used, at a fair price.

Included are drawings of a few possible block designs. A simple single (1) has only two holes in each cheek, one for the axle bolt and one for a hanging shackle or short length of chain, which could either be fixed or swiveled. If the line used is twisted instead of braided it could kink and not lead fairly (especially when new or wet) requiring (2) a rivet, tab, or bolt and spacer on each side of the sheave to keep the parts of the line in their proper place. Tabs are stronger than rivets but take skill to solder or weld in place. Sheet copper or galvanized steel make good cheeks for smaller blocks and scraps can often be found at guttering services. Both galvanized steel and copper must be very clean in order to solder properly. Aluminum still makes the lightest shell but it takes a TIG welder and a steady hand to put it together properly if tabs are used.

An older skeleton design that is light, strong, and simple can be made from three short loops of common 1/8" (or thinner) band iron, aluminum, or bronze strapping. While not especially handsome, this design is versatile and extremely functional. Almost anyone with a small metal bender and a bench shear or hacksaw should be able to mass produce the required pieces in very short order. Of all the blocks I have seen, this design uses the least material to the greatest effect. The vertical tension loop allows the block to be either shackled or simply hung from a piece of line.

The metal strapping for the block in the photo was welded together, cleaned, heated slightly, and given two coats of spray Rustoleum. I then put the painted metal into a toaster oven (outdoors!) and baked it at 300 degrees for ten minutes. The baking procedure triples the strength and hardness of the paint. It would be possible to make a number of similar skeletons in steel and then have them galvanized. If aluminum was used the complete block would be very light in weight. The only disadvantage of this style of block is that it leaves exposed portions of the sheave vulnerable to hard knocks and sun. Other than that, it is a design that approaches perfection.

If a tackle has many parts it is a good idea to include a swivel at the fastened end of the line to keep kinks out, especially if the

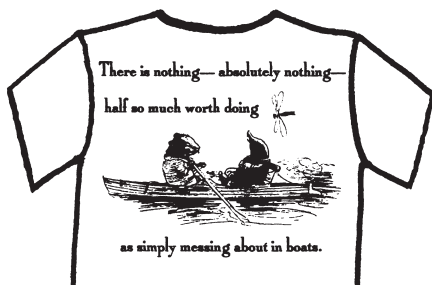


line is twisted instead of braided. This is a real problem with new twisted line in wet weather. It used to be that many sheaves were placed side-by-side for multiple parts, but this led to kinking and twisted blocks in many cases. This was especially so if the line was simply laced around the opposing sheaves, as one might sew the breast of a roast turkey together. If sheaves are stacked side-by-side, line will run more smoothly if an opposing set of blocks is square-rigged with the axle in the opposing set placed 90 degrees to the other. This is easier on the line and far less likely to kink.

Now good rigging practice is to keep the parts in line as much as possible, leading to (4) cheeks with accommodation for a larger and smaller sheave, so (3) could work easily with (4) for a four-part mechanical advantage. Today we have more frequently placed and better winches so one doesn't often see the banks of stacked blocks that used to be commonplace in years past.

When two blocks forcibly jam together the slovenly practice is called "two-blocked" and one will obviously not get additional movement just by laying harder on the winch. I have seen many blocks that were crushed and broken when a careless fisherman didn't pay attention to what he was doing. Two-blocked is a very common expression on the West Coast and it means being locked up and totally unable to move further.

If steel cable is used it is important to use soft steel sheaves with deep grooves and steel cheeks in order to reduce wear on the blocks.



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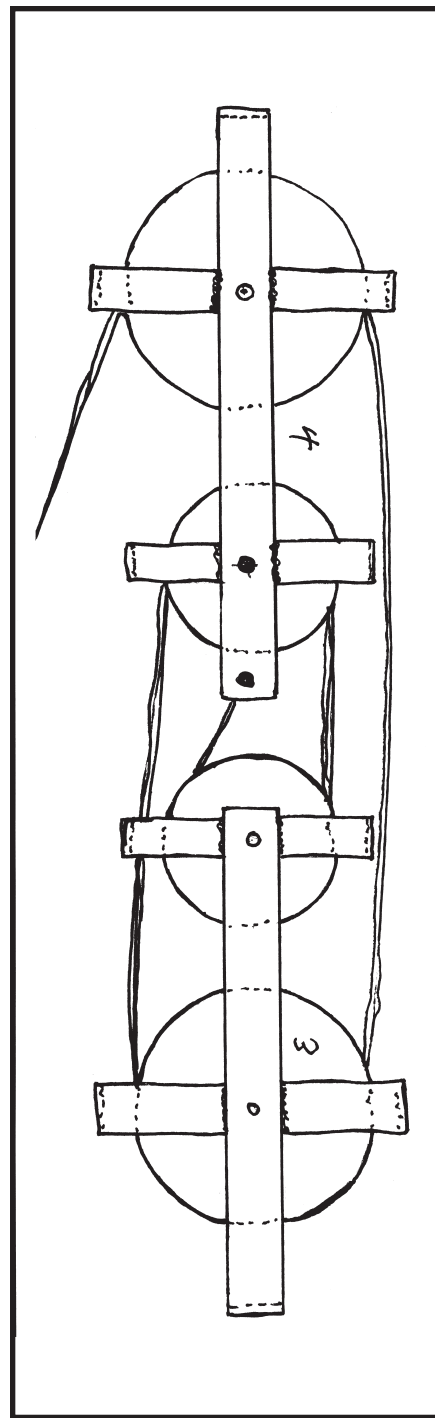


Aluminum block, assembled.



Note cheap but good-looking cast iron block  
on left. This block works but the axle is thin  
and soft and will not hold up under hard use.  
Block on right uses minimalist strap iron  
design.

The vertical strap uses a shackle attachment,  
but line can be used as well. A longer, wider,  
vertical strap could accommodate multiple  
sheaves.



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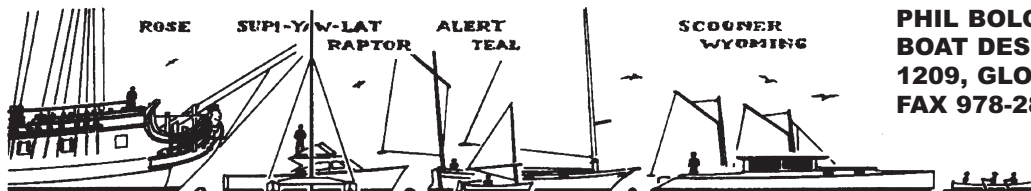
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In *MAIB* Volume 22, Number 10, October last year, we published an account of one of our 31' folding schooners built and sailed in the Great Australian Desert. Now we get an account of another one in somewhat different Australian conditions. This one was modified by her owner-builder, Martin Kortlucke, with a bigger, roller-furling jib and buoyancy chambers all along the sides. The latter made her heavier than the less-than-500lbs on the trailer as designed and made the folding process a hard lift. But it also proved to make it possible to roll her down on her side afloat and do the unfolding-folding process in that attitude. Over to Martin for an experience with his schooner, by the way, his fourth boat to our design:

"There is an institution called WAGS (Wednesday Afternoon Gentlemen's Sailing) run by many yacht clubs. This particular one was a race of 14 nautical miles around an elongated triangle with a handicap start. We decided to ambush the race and entered. They asked us what kind of boat it was and we replied "a 30' trailerable gaff-rigged schooner that we had not sailed very much," all true but not necessarily the whole truth. Stereotyping by the committee (after all, a gaff rigged boat can't be fast) resulted in a handicap of +3 minutes.

## Bolger on Design

### Snapshot on Folding Schooner

Start handicaps range from zero for slow trailer-sailers to +45 minutes for the fastest multihulls. The fleet was made up of ten assorted multihulls and 25-30 assorted keelboats. A nor'easter at 18 knots was blowing, with a 1-1.2m swell. When the breeze is NE the course starts with a short 3-4 mile beat and the rest is broad or tight reaching.

It was a great day, initially we were doing 4-6kts to windward, holding our own but not pointing quite as high as the fleet, using foresail and full mainsail only. We have found that she points better with this rig in stronger breezes but schooners aren't renowned for windward performance (this is the way to sail these boats, especially true of this one with her bigger jib: PB)

At the windward mark we set the jib and speed picked up to 9-10kts on the tight reach to the wing mark. One 35' catamaran was starting to run us down but the rest of the

fleet, both monohull and multihull, was left well behind. On the broad reach after the jibe speed picked up to 10kts average with bursts to 11.5 (all by GPS) and we held the cat off until about a mile from the finish. Their entire crew was standing and saluting and cheering us on.

We crossed the line and promptly lost concentration in the jibe, tangled the main-sheet and capsized 100m after the finish. My brother did the opposite of a rat in a treadmill, climbed over the hull and got to the centerboard without getting wet. The masts were well submerged (say an angle of 120 degrees). Just his weight on the board was enough to stop the roll and start it back upright. I (from long training 30 years ago in our 14' skiff) was in the water releasing all sheets, and when I saw it start to come back up just rolled back into the cockpit and came up with it. I didn't want it to sail away with no one on board.

My brother managed to climb aboard into the aft cockpit (the reverse of his previous maneuver and still dry) and we sheeted on the main and put the helm alee to bring her head to wind and reduce the drift. The other two crew members swam to the boat from 5m away and were hauled aboard. The boat had much less water in it after the cap-



size than before (because of the spray we had had to bail three to four times and had 15cm of water in it at the time of capsizing), proof that side decks and generous buoyancy tanks really do work. Total time for capsizing and recovery was less than three minutes.

The best bit of the day was the result. We beat the next keelboat in by 33 minutes, ambush successful, bang goes our handicap for next time. We now have to start with the Division 1 ocean racers and have not experienced the same ideal conditions again."

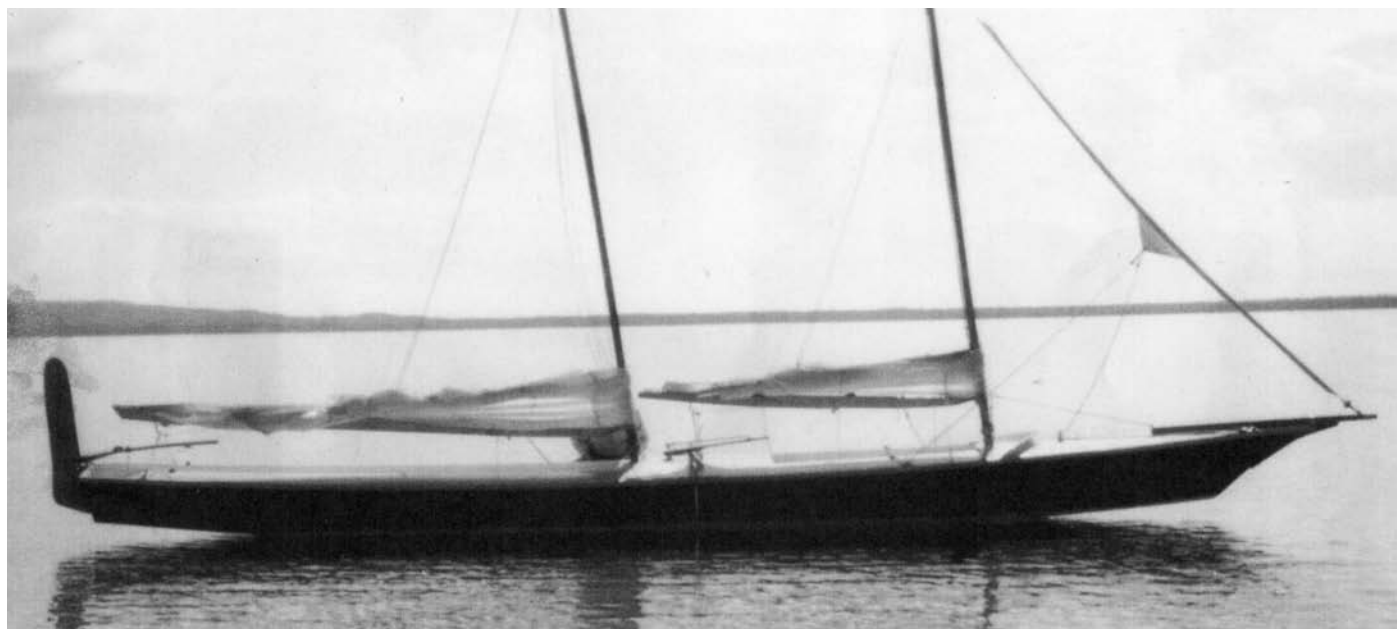
The added buoyancy is a very good idea if you're going to sail that way. I've sailed my prototype folding schooner in planing condition, but only in comparatively smooth water. But a long and light boat with a lot of sail carried low will really go if you can keep her on her feet.

Martin went on: "We have had a few crazy ideas about increasing the performance even further. We have experimented with a trapeze on the mainmast and this certainly seemed to help to windward on a day when crew numbers did not match the wind strength (it would, as long as the tension doesn't poke the mast out through the bottom of the hull: PB) We seem to need one crew member for each number on the Beaufort Scale.

I have also suggested a modular center hull to fit between the two current hulls and she would then be a three-piece, three-masted schooner approximately 48' long which needs two trailers. Hang on a minute! Couldn't we fit a fourth hull on the second trailer?"


I designed the Folding Schooner over 30 years ago but it still looks very good. The plans call for a mostly open boat, which makes it quite a bit lighter to handle. I once folded and unfolded mine singlehanded on a bet, though I dropped it rather hard at each end of the maneuver. But I sailed her more prudently than Mssrs. Kortlucke do and she would, of course, not have recovered from that capsize without some outside help.

Plans of the 31' Folding Schooner, our Design #268, continue to be available for US\$150 to build one boat, sent priority or air mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, U.S.



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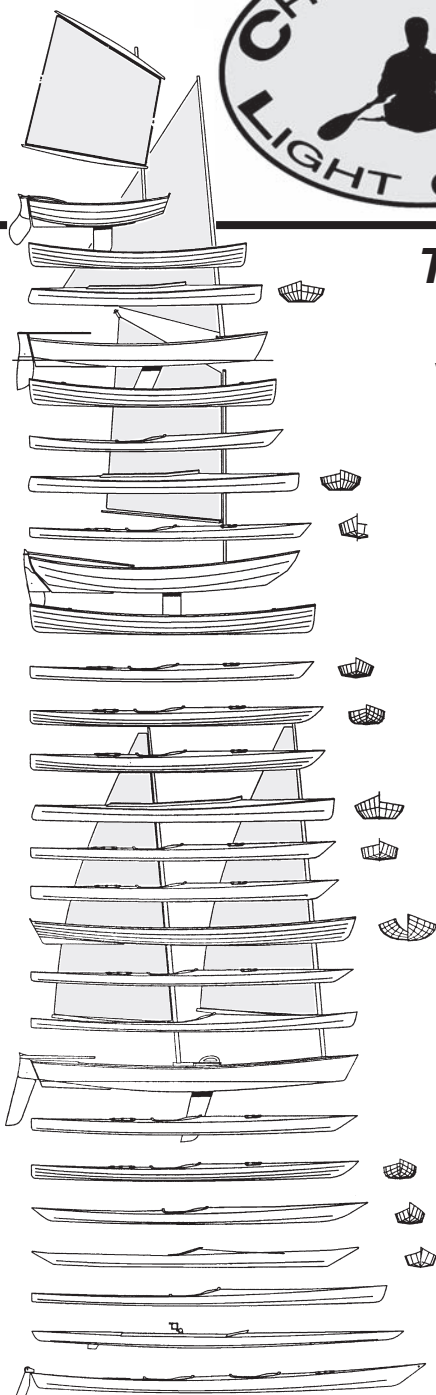
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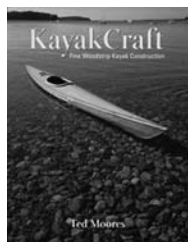
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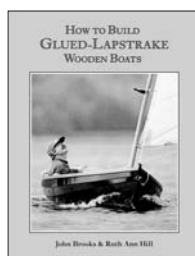
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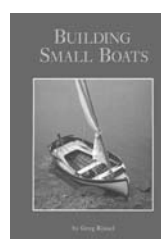
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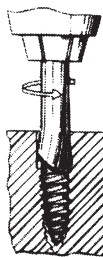
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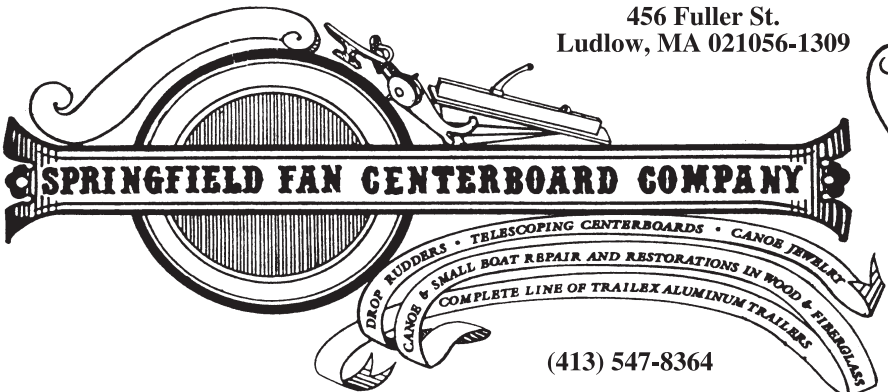
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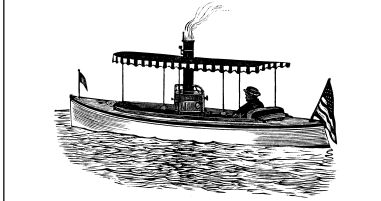
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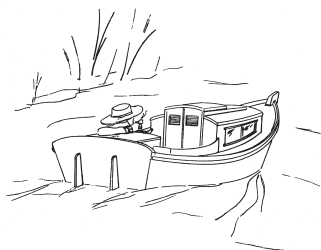
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**'83 Seapearl 21**, in exceptional cond! They made the old ones good you know. Retrofitted water ballast tanks (no leaks at all). Brand new (never used) camper top. 2 extra center cockpit tents, 1 made from a Eureka tent and one sprung in place with battens. Tonneau cover. Almost new Magic Tilt trlr (never submerged). Classic teak rails just refinished. Brand new bottom job from Marine Concepts (sanded, faired & epoxy barrier coat). Sailed once since the new bottom. New boot stripe. Tiller tamer & extension. Compass. 2 sailing rigs, marconi & lug, both in vy gd cond. '96 Honda 2hp ob (still starts with 1 pull) modified so it can be refilled from a remote tank while running, squeeze the primer bulb. Aft bimini & of course oars. Gel coat still glossy. Small bow pulpit to hang an anchor. Stern pulpit removed because it interfered w/tiler, but I still have it to remount it in a slightly different way to clear the tiller. It will come with the boat. The rudder blade could use painting, otherwise pretty much perfect. \$5,800.

STEVE ANDERSON, Ormond Beach, FL, (386) 673-0852, <hwal@aol.com> (5)

**1890s J.H. Rushton 13' Iowa Pleasure Boat**, beautiful (same as photo after page 124 in Atwood Manley's book *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*). Planking, decking, gunwales exc. Bottom 6" of some ribs missing, easy repair. Set into decks are 2 brass pennant holders and unique brass plate reading "J. H. Rushton's Boats & Canoes - Sold by the H & D Folsom Arms Co. 3-14 Broadway, New York." Totally seaworthy. Pictures available. \$5,800.

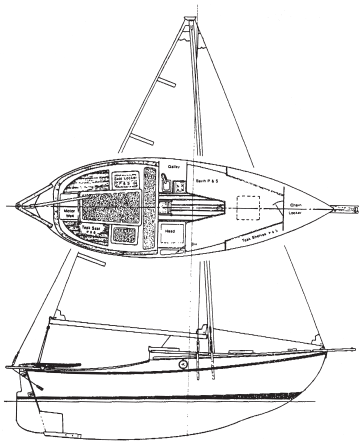
LEE ROSENTHAL, Wallkill, NY, (845) 895-3137 <leerosenthal@frontiernet.net> (6)

**Recent Trades: 19' Hutchins ComPacs (2). SunFish**, late model w/cover. **Several Kayaks.** FERNALD'S, 291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (6)



**Bolger Light Scooner**, 23-1/2', marine ply/epoxy/bronze. Green & cream. See *MAIB* 2/1/04, Bolger's *Thirty Odd Boats*, <http://www.ace.net.au/schooner/build.htm#start> (Tim Fatchen & the *Flying Tadpole* in Australia). Like new cond, used less than 100hrs (crew grew up, moved away). All equip. Tlr, bearing buddies. Motors avail. \$3,800 inv, come see & make offer. DAVID BOLGIANO, Havre de Grace, MD, (410) 272-6858 (5)





**24' Classic Seaforth Double Ender**, '79, prof restoration '03 w/all Perko & bronze, fresh water boat to date. 2/6" draft, 4,000lbs displacement, 7'4" beam. 8hp Yamaha w/alternator barely broken in, sails prof overhauled & never struck. A definite head turner, dark green & white. Solar panel, Ronstan vang. Too much more to list. Located on Cape Cod, MA. Photos at <caribbeanlight@aol.com>. \$8,500 obo, or consider trade for Dovekie or Shearwater.  
NORMA OTTMAN, Hilton, NY, (585) 392-4623, (585) 737-4623 (5)

**14'6" Cape Dory**, 51" beam, gunter rigged, 85sf new Dacron Schurr sail w/reef pts. FG hull, alum spars, 50lb new steel cb, new spruce oars, boom vang. This 200lb dory is really a large Whitehall as described in Roger Taylor's *More Good Boats*. A simple unstayed rig for quick setup & classic design. Rows vy well, has been restored. \$1,500. New Minn-Kota Riptide 40lb thrust electric motor for auxiliary power available for \$200. No trlr. Can be seen in Lowell, MA.  
KEVIN HARDING, Ctr. Lovell, ME, (207) 925-1205 (5)



**18' Classic New Haven Sharpie**, '83. Professionally built for me by Kenny DeHoff, fine woodworker, boat builder & sailor. Cat-ketch rig w/3 mast steps. Marine ply/epoxy/cloth over sassafras superstructure, total refurb this yr (all Interlux), solid Douglas fir masts, round stern, bright mahogany coaming, brand new cypress flr bds, bright cb case, exc Galv Magic Tilt trlr, exc 4hp Evinrude twin. Original owner. A sweet sailer that stands totally ready today. \$6,500.  
DAVE THOMASSON, Oak Ridge, TN, (865) 712-7879 <david.thomasson@state.tn.us> (5)

**'86 Sea Pearl Vortex Vextok**, in gd shape. Trlr just rblt incl new axle & tongue jack. New bunks installed last year. Sails are vertical batten from Super Sails, about 4 yrs old in exc shape. Hvy duty transom-bolted on motor mount (the type made from 1-1/2" welded aluminum). On board electrical system incl running lights, power cable for trolling motor, & auto bilge pump which converts to a ballast tank fill/drain through clever application of bypass valves; all proper w/breakers & fuses. Also have spare removable gunwale motor mount, 2 spare tires for trlr, custom cover (constructed from blue poly, but it works), & a crude trailer dolly to throw into the mix. Photos & other details available, call or write: Asking \$4,000 but will talk.  
BRIAN SALZANO, Patchogue, NY, (631) 225-2166, <b@tinybrain.org> (5)

**25' Cape Dory**, '75, all sails & extras. In gd shape, head w/holding tank, cushions for cockpit & below. '94 Evinrude 10hp w/electric start & cockpit controls. Many extras. Nd to downsize. \$4,500 obo.  
CHARLIE VON HAGEL, Bel Air, MD, (410) 838-9261 (6)

**International 505**, '71, hull has been restored, incl main, jib & spinnaker. Nds work on deck & tiller handle. Started to add foam floor (w/plans for covering w/fg) to allow it to stay on mooring. Has not been compl. Fast, easy tacking boat. \$500 bo.  
HERB HUCKINS, NH, (603) 267-7285 (6)

**18' MFG Erie**, '66. Classic lapstrake lines in fg. 120hp I/O. Vy sound boat. Fresh water only. Trlr incl. Compl description may be accessed at mfg-boats.com.  
BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048, <karamaru@charter.net> (5)



**Spectacular 16' double-paddle canoe**, a unique & superb boat designed & blt by John Brooks. Glued lapstrake 4mm plywood hull w/ 3mm mahogany ply deck w/ black walnut covering boards on fore & aft decks makes for a remarkably strong and sea-kindly 65lb boat. In pristine condition, includes Malone of Maine "Castine" paddle and custom canvas cover. Written up and pictured in December 2000 *Downeast* magazine. Detailed info available. Boat in Maine. Value over \$4000, ASKING \$2900.  
REVELL CARR, New Harbor, ME, (207) 677-2859 (6)

**Canoe, strip planked white cedar**, 17'6"x36". Edge nailed, epoxy glued, epoxy covered inside and outside. Highest quality construction, 2 cane seats plus 2 thwarts, Red tail paddles. Built 1997, used very little, pristine condition. \$2500 obo.  
KEN COOK, Cohasset, MA, (781) 383-0148 (6)

**24' Chris Craft Scorpion**, 1986, on dual axle Loadrite trailer. \$3500 obo.  
STEVE WILLARD, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-8462 (6)

## BOATS WANTED

**Whisp**, Steve Redmond design. I'd even enjoy talking to anyone who has some experience with a Whisp.  
CHUCK RAYNOR, Richmond, VA, (804) 323-7707 (5)

**Graves Lawton Tender**, fg.  
DAVE PEACH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5571 (6)

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**Front & Rear Beams**, from '81 Hobie 18, w/end caps, \$75 each, bo.  
HERB HUCKINS, NH, (603) 267-7285 (6)

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NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel 207.442.7297 Email <norsman@carwe2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)

**Mid-80S 4HP Evinrude Lightwin**, 2cyl outboard, one owner, brand new water pump, perfect running shape. \$350 obo.  
DAVID THOMASSON, Oak Ridge, TN, (865) 712-7879 (cell), <david.thomasson@state.tn.us> (6)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**"Sleeper"**, 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.  
EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)



**Li'l Beauty**, a 35lb touring kayak, can be built w/only \$85 in materials in either 12' or 14' lengths, in 2 short wknds! Being a boat camper I've often slept in comfort in the 7' cockpit, in my sleeping bag! Construction manual has color photos & full-size templates for only \$20ppd. check payable to Walter Head.

HOBBYCRAFT KAYAKS, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd. Vilas, NC 28692 (TFP)

**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)



**P.J. Roar**, a 15' marine ply sliding-seat sculling boat. Compl plans incl sliding seat assembly & full-size frames. Hull 59lbs, rigging 17lbs. Car-toppable 100% by one person. Plans \$30. Extensive construction manual \$10.

JOHN NICHOLSON YACHT DESIGN LLC, Alexandria, VA. (703) 946-4635 <http://www.jni-nicholson.net> (13P)

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**Attention Epoxy Lovers**, 8' Westport Dinghy plans, \$61+\$4 P&H Delete fussy Kevlar, trade for rugged epoxy coating. tough as leather MONFORT ASSOCIATES 56 Haskell Rd., Westport Island, ME 04578, (207) 882-5504, <pmontfort@prexarcom>, gaboats.com., (TFP)



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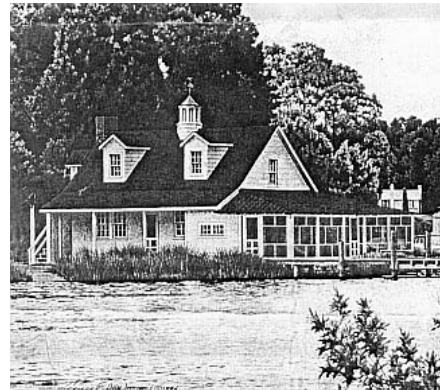
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**Ahoy**, this loquacious swm, mid-40s "Real Florida" boater is seeking an active, bright, easy-going woman 35-45 yo to share gd times on the Nature Coast. Boating, picnics, biking, hiking & much more are some of the interests of this multi-faceted gentleman. Sunny disposition a must. Cedar Key to Keaton Beach area. Reply in confidence.

CAPTAIN, PO Box 432, Cross City, FL 32683 (5)

**"Every man shall give as he is able,  
according to the blessings of the  
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

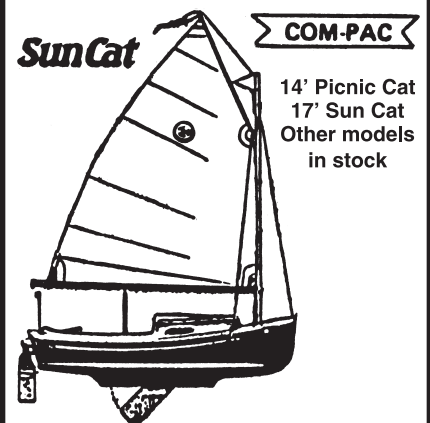
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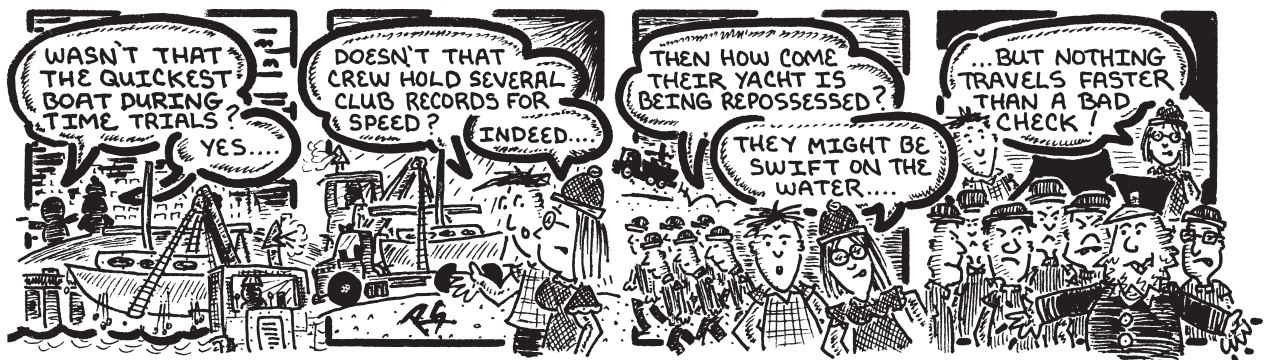
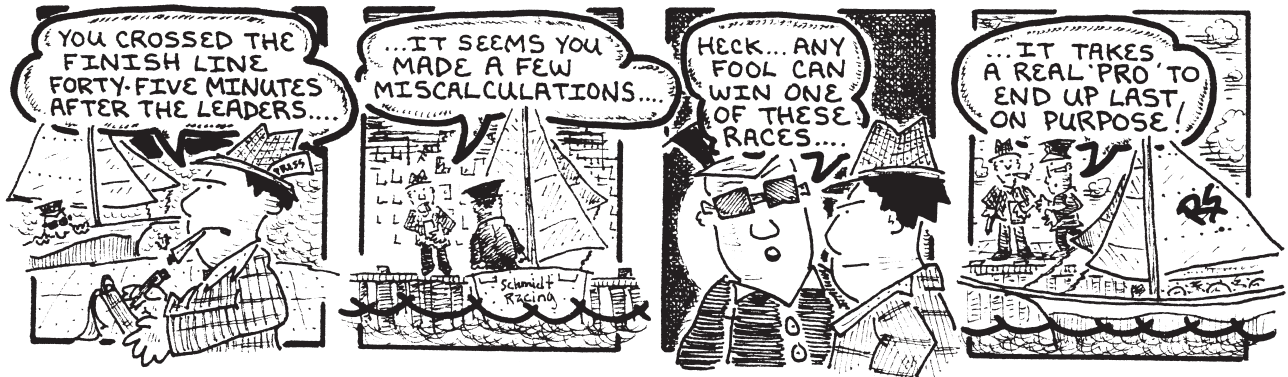
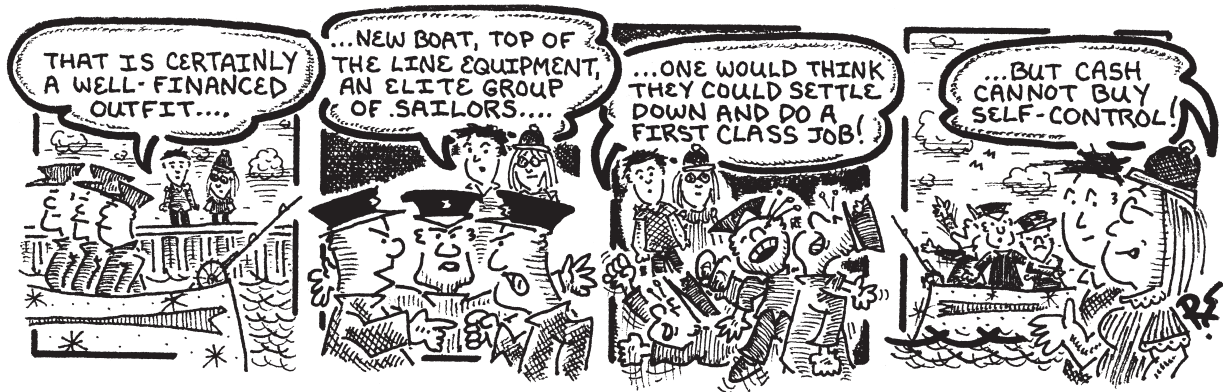




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## Racing



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The photo above was taken by Bob Hicks during the Blackburn Challenge. The going was easy in this portion of the race. Competitors later encountered 6-ft seas. The chair of the race committee, Tom Lawler, later said, "We are ashamed we let that race go on. If we ever have conditions like that again, we are going to cancel the race."

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## SHOWS

May 13-15 Paddlefest, Inlet, NY  
May 28-30 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY  
June 18-20 No Octane Regatta, Blue Mtn Lake, NY  
June 19-20 Clearwater Festival, Croton, NY  
July 16-7 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT  
July 29-31 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT  
July 30-1 Antique & Classic, Skaneateles, NY  
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg, VT  
Aug 5-7 Hildene Crafts Festival, Manchester, VT  
Aug 5-7 Antique & Classic Clayton NY  
Aug 12-4 Art & Crafts Festival, Lake Placid, NY  
Aug 12-4 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland ME  
Aug 19-21 Adirondack Living, Lake George, NY  
Sep 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA

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